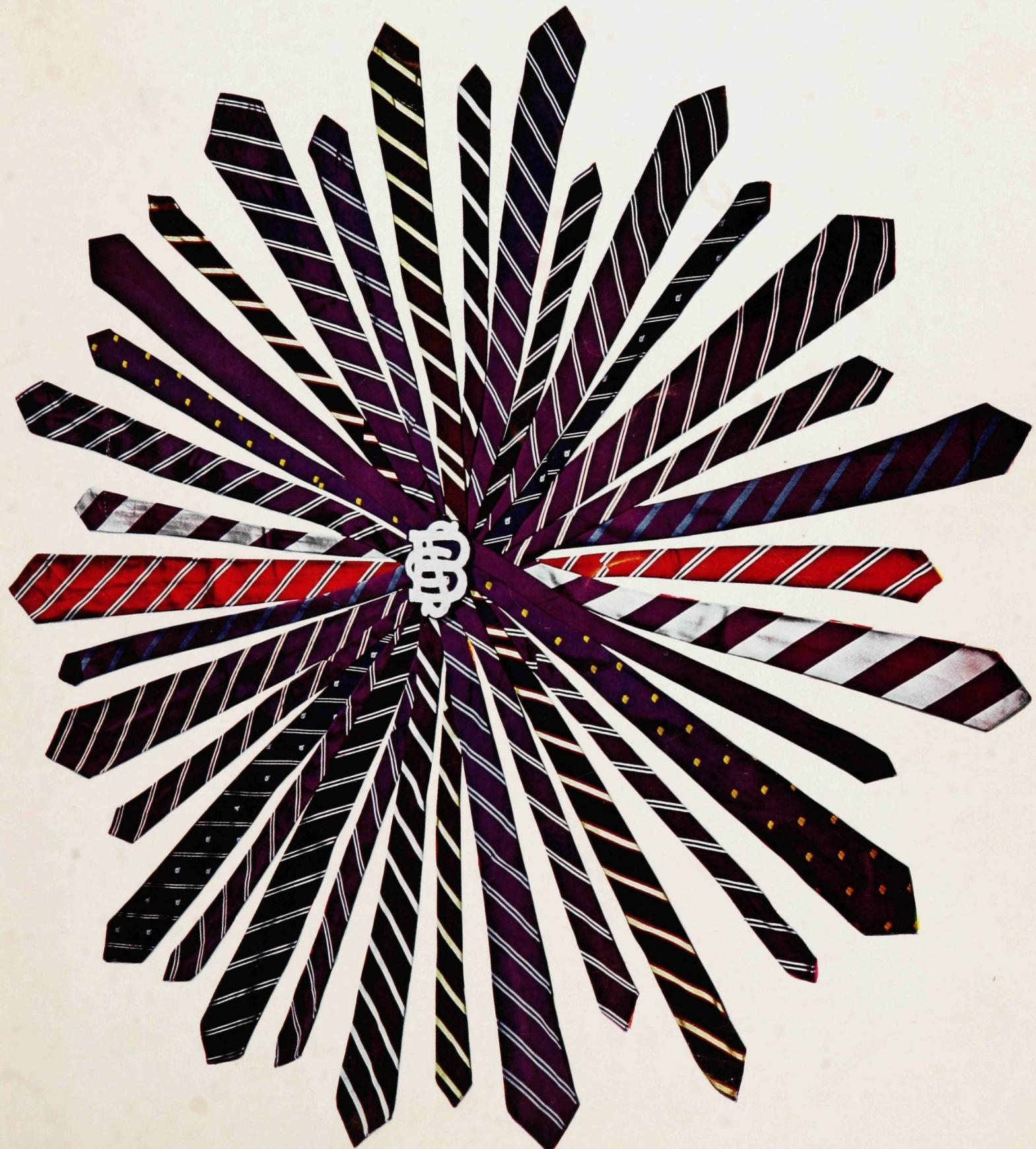


B.C.S.

JUNE 1962

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



B. C. S.



THE MAGAZINE OF
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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B.C.S. *The Magazine of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada, is published once a year, in the month of June, and printed by Page-Sangster Printing Co. Ltd. of Sherbrooke*

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AWARDS AND CREDITS

The Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing — D. Monk

The Warren Hale Essay Prize — D. Patriquin

Magazine Ties awarded to *The Editors* (Page 7) and I. Weir, R. Macdonald, I. Rankin, H. Brumell, J. Vipond

Team Photos by Sears Studio

Group Photos by Sears Studio and D. Gerrish

Other Photos by B.C.S. Camera Club

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SCHOOL RECORD





H. L. HALL

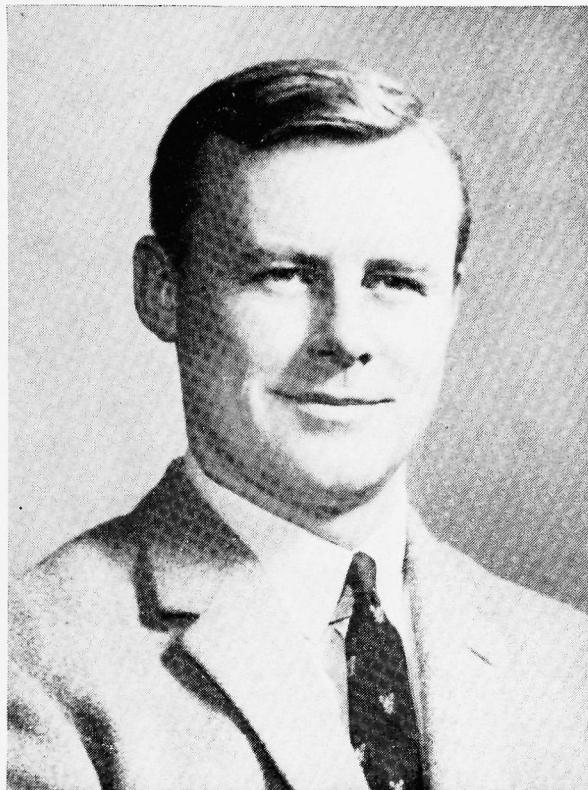


G. H. MOFFAT

Herbert L. Hall's connection with B.C.S. began when he entered the School at the age of six. He went from the VIth Form to R.M.C., and then gained a B.A., and later an M.A. and Teachers' Diploma at Bishop's University. He then taught for four years in Montreal High School, during which time he attended McGill's French Summer School and the Departmental French Specialist courses, and was Principal of a Night School, and returned to B.C.S. in 1936 as Housemaster of School House, and later Head of the French Department. In 1940 he married and has since lived on the campus.

For many years Mr. Hall has been Assistant Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, and has edited the Bulletin to Old Boys and the Old Boys' Section of this Magazine. To the regret of all, Mr. Hall has resigned because of ill health; he and Mrs. Hall will live in Victoria, B.C., and the School and countless Old Boys join in expressing their gratitude for Herbie's outstanding efforts as a teacher and Old Boy, and in wishing him and Mrs. Hall all happiness in their new life.

Gordon H. Moffat came to B.C.S. in 1935, a graduate of the University of Toronto and the Ontario College of Education, and became Housemaster of Chapman House in 1942. Not only has Mr. Moffat been Head of the Mathematics Department, but he has taught a variety of subjects, especially Latin, as well as mathematics during his twenty-six years at the School, and been in charge of educational testing. Soon after his arrival Mr. Moffat revived dramatics in the School, and for many years he has run the Camera Club. An accomplished violinist, Mr. Moffat has consistently furthered the learning of music in the School, and has been a leading figure in local music organizations such as the Sherbrooke Symphony and the Schubert Club. Mr. Moffat is joining the staff of St. Andrew's College, B.C.S., and especially former Chapman House boys, will miss him greatly, and wish him and Mrs. Moffat well in the new post.



E. B. PILGRIM



J. LL. FERRIS

E. B. Pilgrim joined the B.C.S. staff in 1948 as an assistant master, teaching History and Latin, after graduating from Bishop's University, where later he gained an M.A. degree. In 1955 he became Housemaster of Williams House, and in 1960 of newly built Grier House. An outstanding athlete himself, Ted Pilgrim has coached all games, including First Team Football and Cricket, and has had notable success with a long series of Bantam Hockey teams. He has also run many Squash tournaments. The Stamp Club owes its origin and continued liveliness to Mr. Pilgrim's interest, and he has done wonders for the financial support of this Magazine in his capacity of Business Manager. The School congratulates him on his appointment as Headmaster of Ridley College. We will miss his cheerful efficiency around the campus, and wish him and his family success and happiness at Ridley.

John Ll. Ferris came to B.C.S. in 1957 and taught in the Preparatory School for two years. Moving to the Upper School in 1959, Mr. Ferris has taught English and Latin, and has taken an active interest in dramatics, not only directing a number of School plays, but starring in several adult productions himself. This year he has been coaching First Team Cricket, and his interest and organization have in the past few years meant a great deal to the Junior Ski Team. Mr. Ferris plans to take a post-graduate course at Oxford next year, and B.C.S.'s good wishes go with him.



HIS EXCELLENCY TAKES THE ROYAL SALUTE

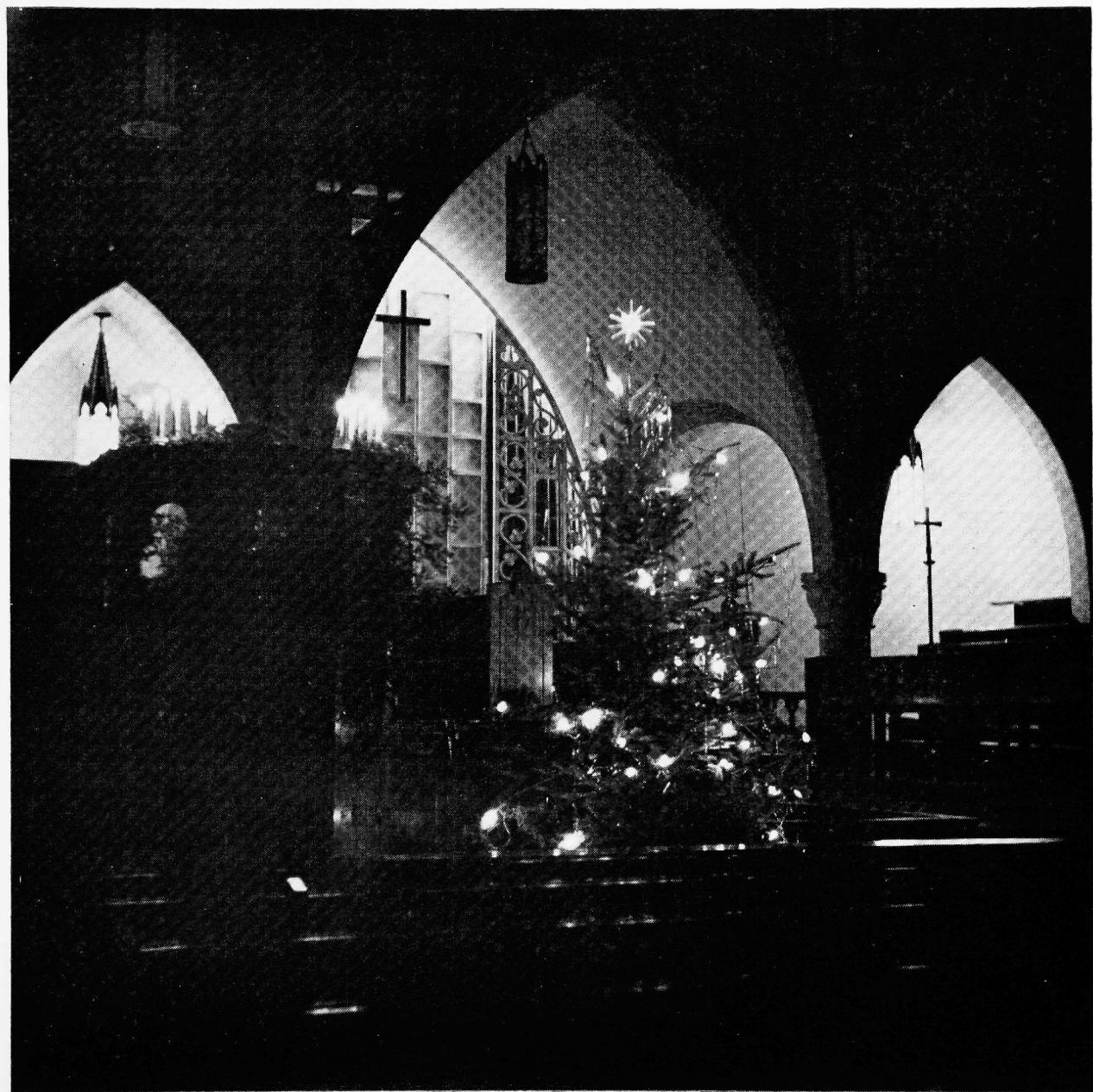
VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

The Governor-General, Major-General George P. Vanier, D.S.C., M.C., LL.B., LL.D., arrived at the School at three o'clock on Thanksgiving Monday, October the ninth. In front of the main door His Excellency was given the Royal Salute by a special Colour Guard, which he then inspected. The Headmaster and Mrs. Pattison then conducted Their Excellencies to the main hall, where members of the Board of Directors were introduced to them, and the party proceeded to the Hooper Memorial Gymnasium, where the Governor-General presented the prizes for the academic year 1960-1961.

The Grant Hall Medal for Debating for the academic year 1960-61 was presented to D. McGee, as well as

The Hartland B. MacDougall Medal for leadership, integrity, industry and games. C. Coolican was awarded the Lt. Hugh Ross Cleveland Medal for the best potential soldier in the Corps, and the Winder Cup, for high attainment in work and games. W. Webster won the Warren Hale Essay Prize, D. Monk, The Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing, D. Rosenbloom, The Chairman's Prize, for improvement and attainment, K. Dyer, The Vice-Chairman's Prize for the boy making the best use of the library, J. Sharpe, The Headmaster's Prize for best reading at daily prayers.

After a short speech, in which he requested a holiday for the School, Their Excellencies went to the Library where members of the teaching staff were presented to them.



CHOIR NOTES

This year again the Choir has had a very active programme, and it is probable that by the time this article appears in print there will be another Choir record on sale (12" - 33 r.p.m.), containing some of the better known hymns and anthems which we have sung. This will differ from the previous record in that it will also include several hymns sung by the entire school. This whole project has only been possible because of the generosity of Mr. A. Sharp who has given us a professional-type tape recorder

which will now be a permanent installation in our Chapel for the recording and broadcasting of any of our services. We are most grateful to him for his kindness and hope that the record soon to be issued will be of good quality. The installation of this tape recorder and the planning of the gramophone record was the work of Mr. Roger Hart (B.C.S. '53). He has given a great deal of time to this subject and we are deeply indebted to him.



The Choir continues to grow in size, and in the variety of its repertoire. In size it is almost a third of the whole school, and there has been an anthem or solo at almost all our Sunday morning services. It has also planned and taken part in two Concerts, one in the fall when Mr. Jan Simons of Montreal was our guest artist, and again on Sunday, February 18th, in St. Martin's Chapel when Miss Elizabeth Dawson of Montreal and Mrs. Bertha Bell played movements from concertos for piano and organ and the Choir sang a solo and chorus from Handel's "Messiah." Our annual Choir trip took us to two Montreal Churches — the Cathedral, where we sang Mattins, and St. Andrew and St. Paul where there was a special musical service at four p.m.

All this activity has been possible only because many individuals have shored the responsibilities, notably the Head of the Choir, R. MacDonald, and the Librarian, K. Marchant, and his assistants, I. Macpherson, P. Laskey, and D. Patriquin. Malcolm Rowat has been out-

standing as a soloist, and his service of eight years in the Choir, first as a treble soloist in the Prep, then leader of the altos and three years as a bass soloist, must constitute a record in any school. We have had a large group too of treble soloists, all of good quality, but with no one outstanding. In this connection I would urge any boy who wants to be a leading treble soloist to take piano lessons. The time at our disposal for learning solos and anthems is so short that to be really good a boy must be able to read music for himself.

Finally we must mention the skill and hard work of our organist, Mrs. Bertha Bell and the care which Mrs. Brady has bestowed upon our robes.

Malcolm Rowat won a prize of \$35 in the Quebec Music Festival (Provincial) for his sight reading and a bass solo, 'Ungeduld', by Schubert.

Copies of the new L.P. Choir Record for 1962 are available from W. Mann, Esq., B.C.S., at \$3.50.

H.T.G.F.



CONFIRMATION CLASS

CHRISTMAS CAROLS



AGORA: The Debating Society

Despite discouraging attendance at several meetings during the year, Agora managed to compete successfully with conflicting activities, and turned in some impressive statistics. In all, eight meetings were held, fifty-seven boys spoke, and there was an average of sixteen speeches per meeting.

At the first formal gathering, which took the form of a debate, it was resolved, and subsequently decided, that the Debating Society should be reorganized. It consequently was. A new society, under the name "Agora" was instituted. The name is derived from the Greek for assembly or meeting place. The new constitution permitted the Society to embrace activities outside the realms of debating.

During the year it was decided by debate that the bigger they are, the harder they fall; that television is harmful to Canadian youth; that imprisonment is *not* a useless form of punishment; that the Arts make a greater contribution to Western Civilization than the Sciences; and that first year university is *not* more beneficial to the individual than the senior matriculation year.

Two evenings of public speaking added variety to the oratorical activities. At the first of these, humorous exposition on gardening, a critical satire on censorship, and a parody on Mark Antony's speech over Caesar, to mention only a few, provided a very interesting and entertaining agenda. The second public speaking meeting was held to choose a representative for the School at the Rotary Club Public Speaking contest. W. J. Ballantyne was chosen for his speech entitled "Some Brilliant New Ideas," dealing with the problem of Quebec separatism. He spoke on the same subject at the competition in Sherbrooke, and while he did not make either of the first two announced positions, we feel sure he placed very close behind.

As has been the custom for the past few years, a boy from the School, under the sponsorship of the Sherbrooke Rotary Club, is attending the Model United

Nations General Assembly at Plymouth, New Hampshire. This three day conference is held under the auspices of Plymouth Teachers' College. J. D. Patriquin is representing B.C.S., and he will be on the "delegation" for Canada. He will be discussing such issues as the admission of Communist China to the United Nations, and the problem of Goa.

As already mentioned, Agora was able to broaden the scope of its activities. Three tours of general interest were organized through the efforts of Mr. Troubetzkoy. The first was to the Domil Textile Mills of the Dominion Textile Company. In going through the separate mills for spinning and weaving, the boys saw the various stages of manufacture, from the raw materials, both natural (as cotton and wool) and synthetic (orlon and dacron, for example), to plain and patterned woven cloth. A second tour of Sherbrooke Hospital, conducted by four doctors, was extremely enlightening and informative. The pathology lab and museum were of particular interest. The third tour, of the Walter M. Lowney factory, was possibly the most popular, for obvious reasons. It was fascinating watching all that goes into the chocolate bars we buy at Tuck Shop.

Again this year, Agora is participating in a quadrangle debate. This year Stanstead plays host to B.C.S. in a debate for the right to meet the winner of Ashbury and Lower Canada College. D. R. MacDonald and C. K. Marchant are speaking for the School on the negative side of the resolution that Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations.

Officers elected for the year were as follows: G. Trakas, President; K. Marchant, Vice-President; M. Hicks and G. Wanklyn, Senior Secretaries; W. Demisch, Treasurer; C. Osborne. Mr. Troubetzkoy acted as Staff Adviser. The executive would like to thank him, for without his efforts Agora could not have flourished as it did.

C. K. MARCHANT, (Form M VI)

PETER HOLT MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The Peter Holt Memorial Library was put to excellent use by the boys this year. Debating Society meetings, Camera Club exhibits, and Art classes, among other things, were conducted there. Approximately sixty new books supplemented the general collection.

The Library was visited by His Excellency the Governor General and Madame Vanier during their trip to the School last fall. Subsequently we have received a state photograph of their Excellencies.

The Librarians for the year 1961 - 62 were Coolican, Dawes, Laskey, MacCulloch, MacPherson, and Wilson.



PLAYERS' CLUB

After what must be the smallest number of rehearsals in Shakespearian history, the Players' Club produced *Macbeth* on February 9 and 10. The play has many difficulties for the director of a school-boy production intended primarily for a school-boy audience. Even though it is one of Shakespeare's shortest, it would run close to three hours if it were done complete. Consequently, liberal cuts were made in the text, bringing the playing time down to two hours, and the play was divided into three acts instead of the customary five. The acts were not divided in an arbitrary fashion, but with a definite plan in mind. Our Act I, given the title "Temptation" in programme, took the action up to and including Macbeth's murder of Duncan. Act II, "Realisation," dealt with Macbeth's climb to power, his murder of Banquo and Macduff's family, and ended with Macduff swearing vengeance on the tyrant. Act III, "Retribution," contained Lady Macbeth's death, Macbeth's fall and the crowning of victorious Malcolm.

Much of the difficulty in *Macbeth* lies in the large numbers of apparitions and ghosts which the play calls for. At the best of times school-boys are not very good

at imagining or accepting the supernatural, and to avoid the chance of an outburst of titterings or even outright laughter, it was decided to represent these apparitions in the most abstract way possible, and leave the rest to the imagination. Consequently, Banquo's ghost did not appear (and after all this is perfectly logical as even on the stage it is only Macbeth who sees it). The witches and the line of kings, however, require a more definite treatment. They did appear, but only as cut-out shadows thrown on the cyclorama from the wings. With a revolving wheel of colours and a liberal amount of dry ice, Osborne, in charge of these Special Effects, managed to suggest a moderately weird atmosphere.

Perhaps the most interesting innovation this year was the set. As all directors of Shakespeare know to their distress, scene changes in his plays are extravagantly numerous. The problems connected with this are evident, and in order to side-step all of them we decided to follow, in a modified form, what in theatrical jargon is known as the Stratford tradition. This is the one multi-purpose set and it is the first time the Players' Club has used this technique. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Helen

Austin for designing this set. It was simple, but effective and above all flexible, with two large Gothic arches placed diagonally one behind the other on one side, a centre section of raised platforms, and a curved flight of steps on the other side with a small tower behind these steps. The entire play was acted on this set without aid of scenery and with a minimum of properties. This, of course, allowed for a free run of scene, and in order not to break this it was decided to close the curtain only at the end of each act. The furniture that had to be brought on stage, the throne or the banquet table for instance, was carried on by actors in full view of the audience. The curtain wasn't even closed for that most difficult of all theatrical necessities — the removal of a dead body, in this case that of Banquo, which was pushed off the platforms at the back. Any pauses between scenes which were awkward or too long were filled with fanfares of drums and trumpets played by members of the Cadet Corps Band.

But the most difficult task lay with the actors. The problems of staging and directing the play were not really faced but deftly side-stepped and often completely removed. But the actors had to come face to face with the greatest difficulty of all in Shakespeare — that of the poetry and the meaning of the words. To a young actor, the text of a Shakespeare play is a mystery. What do all these lines of poetry mean? The blank verse mesmerizes him into reading his speeches as if there were no punctuation, and he treats the sixteenth-century idioms and phrases so badly that it is obvious he wishes they weren't there. This is the danger of Shakespeare, and many amateur productions are horrible to behold not because the direction or even the acting is poor, but simply because the actors haven't the vaguest idea what it is they are saying. The actor's first job, then, is to find out what the lines mean. When he does know what they mean, then and only then can he concentrate on his second job which is to get across the meaning in the most dramatic and effective way. But this is again difficult as he must remember that he is speaking poetry and not prose, and consequently must treat the text with great care. This aspect was emphasized and made even more important in the production of *Macbeth* with the absence of any exterior aids to the actors. They were forced by the situation to rely for most of the effect on their own voices and dramatic sense. Some of the actors were naturally more successful than others in this respect.

Wanklyn as Macbeth obviously took most of the play on his shoulders. It is an achievement for a schoolboy even to attempt a role of the magnitude and difficulty of *Macbeth*, and a double achievement if he manages it with any assurance at all. Wanklyn seemed

to have no trouble in this respect. He had the faculty of adapting his tone to every situation, and this is thanks to his fine voice. However, he could have been more dominating at times, and his gestures were often too narrowed and confined, especially when he was alone on stage during his soliloquies. Laskey was too weak during rehearsals for the character of Duncan, but he worked hard to overcome this and by the time of performance he was effectively dominating the stage and issuing his orders in a regal fashion. MacDonald and Pidcock as his sons were both hampered to some extent by their voices, but they were convincing nonetheless. The character of Macduff is difficult because of the extremes of passion he must go through, but Ballantyne handled it well on the whole. He managed to express the horror of finding Duncan's murdered body admirably, and his "Up, up!" and "Ring the alarm bell" were suitably ear-splitting. However, his grief at the news of his family's murder didn't seem quite genuine enough. Trakas, Rowat, Marchant, Bellm and Coolican were the five Noblemen, Lennox, Ross, Menteith, Angus and Caithness respectively. They are thankless roles as Shakespeare doesn't really give characterization to any of them. They are Noblemen, pure and simple, and Shakespeare lets them exist only as aids to the play and not as individual people. But, in spite of this, Trakas made something of his long difficult speech with Angus when they discuss the death of Duncan and Banquo, and the escape of Malcolm and Donalbain.

The most polished single performance was that of Hicks as Banquo. He has an extraordinary sense of the dramatic and this is something which an actor has or hasn't. It can't be taught. It is the ability to move at the precise moment, to pause in a line just when a pause is effective, and the ability to "feel" and react to whatever is needed at any particular moment. With a little more experience Hicks has the ability to do very well in the future. Two girls from Lennoxville High School bravely agreed to attempt the female roles in the play; Wendy Garard handled well the difficult part of Lady Macbeth, and was particularly strong in the sleep-walking scene; Lydia McLeod doubled as Lady Macduff and the Gentlewoman. The witch voices of Wise, Graham, and Fowler were varied and most expressive.

Viewed in perspective, the Players' Club can be proud of its production. Shakespeare is extremely easy to do badly, and enormously difficult to do well. To attempt one of his plays at all is courageous.

The play was directed by Mr. Evans with the sporadic assistance of Mr. Vintcent.

B.M.V.



A NEW VIEW OF THE SCHOOL, SHOWING GRIER HOUSE AT THE LEFT

CAMERA CLUB

At the close of this successful year, the Camera Club extends its thanks and a fond farewell to Mr. Moffat, who has been its moving spirit for many years.

We were fortunate in being able to get Club ties this year, and these have been awarded to all First Class Members.

We had a competition in the second term, and hope

to have another this spring. At present the Camera Club Trophy is held by K. Papineau, the President. S. Khazzam came second to him in the competition, which was judged by Miss Hebert of Sears Studio.

The Club was fortunate in acquiring new tables and a fresh coat of paint, both of which were badly needed.

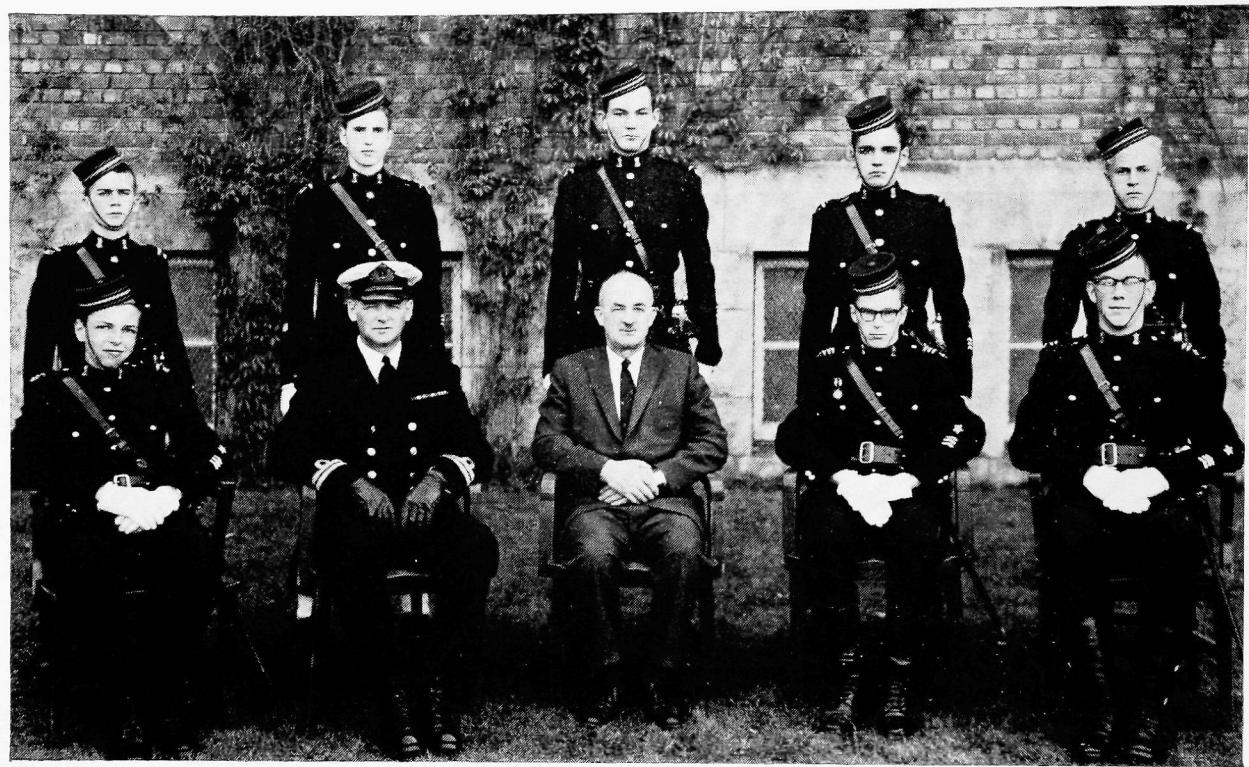
K. PAPINEAU, (Form C VI 2)

RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

Last November an innovation took place in the School's curriculum with the introduction of Russian Language. Although this year the course is entirely on an extra-curricular basis, next year it will be incorporated into the class schedule and will lead to McGill Certificate Examinations. The course was opened to a limited number of Fifth Formers who will continue with it in Sixth Form year, and the following have joined it: Anido

I, Bellm, Copeland I, Johnston, McNaughton I, Patriquin and Stewart.

An emphasis is placed on conversation, and to this end a Russian table has been organized where opportunity is given to practise what is learned in the classroom. The course also briefly considers aspects of Russian Literature, Fine Arts, Religion, Geography, and History. Mr. A. S. Troubetzkoy teaches the course.



CADET OFFICERS

Back Row: CADET LIEUTENANTS P. COOLICAN, C. GALE, W. FROST, G. TRAKAS, J. CLUBB.

Front Row: CADET LIEUT. K. McCULLOCH, LIEUT. S. F. ABBOTT, THE HEADMASTER, CADET MAJ. R. MACDONALD, CADET CAPT. D. MONK.

CADET TRAINING

Capt. S. F. Abbott, R.N. (Ret'd) trained the company as efficiently as he has for many years, assisted by Lt.-Col. E. E. Denison, E.D., who joined the staff last year, and Lt. Pratt (CS. of C.) and F/o Clifton (R.A.F.-V.R.), who received Cadet Services commissions last summer. Unfortunately, Captain Abbott became ill during the Easter vacation, and did not return this term. This left us to face the annual inspection and an inspection and church parade with our regiment, the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, without his considerable experience. All of us have missed his direction very much.

The corps commander was Cadet Major D. R. MacDonald, and the second-in-command Cadet Captain D. J. Monk. The drill instruction was handled by Cadet C.S.M. Kenny, assisted by Cadet Staff Sergeant Hutchins, and the standard of drill proficiency of the company, especially of the recruits, and the precision-drill squad was the result of their work. The training officer was Cadet Lt. K. MacCulloch, assisted by Cadet Staff Sergeant Rowat, and their instructors finished the course one week ahead of schedule. The platoon officers and sergeants, Cadet Lt. Frost and Sgt. McLernon of No. 1 Platoon, Cadet Lt. Trakas and Sgt. Reilly of No. 2, Cadet

Lt. Clubb and Sgt. Jessop of No. 3, and Cadet Lt. Coolican and Sgt. Mitchell of No. 4, as well as Cadet Lt. Gale and Sgt. Thomas of the Band, maintained the keenness and efficiency of their units.

In addition to the regular course, Lt. Clifton and Lt. Pratt produced forty-four successful candidates for the St. John's Ambulance certificate, and one medallion was awarded to Cadet W.O. 2 Khazzam, (Quartermaster). Lt. Clifton also conducted a signals course for which three candidates were awarded \$10.00 and a certificate. Mr. H. C. Wright spent a good deal of his time in training the Band, along with Cadet Lt. Gale. Cadet W.O. 2 Khazzam and his two assistants have run the Q.M. stores efficiently ,working throughout the week as well as on parade. Mr. Patriquin and the range staff, Cadet Sgts. Clicke and Abbott, should be thanked for spending so many of their evenings in the range, so that all cadets qualified as marksmen, and the School could be represented by a twelve-man team in the D.C.R.A. winter shoot, and a five-man team at the shoulder-to-shoulder shoot in Montreal.

D. MONK, (Cadet Capt. 2 i./c.)



SENIOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Back Row: CADET SGTS. P. CLICHE, K. MARCHANT, P. PIDCOCK, D. ABBOTT, R. THOMAS, R. LEE, M. REILLEY, P. JESSOP, I. PENHALE, J. STOVEL.
 Front Row: CADET SGT. W. MITCHELL, STAFF/SGT. P. HUTCHINS, W.O. 2 C. KENNY, LIEUT. S. F. ABBOTT, THE HEADMASTER, W.O. 2 S. KHAZZAM,
 STAFF/SGT. M. ROWAT, SGT. D. McLERNON.

CADET INSPECTION

At 2:30 on Tuesday, May 15th, the Corps paraded for inspection by Maj.-Gen. F. J. Fleury, C.B.E., E.D., C.D., General Officer Commanding Quebec Command. After inspecting the company and taking the salute on the march-pasts, he watched the Guard's silent drill routine, a gymnastics demonstration, and the Band, under Cadet Lt. C. Gale, which he had congratulated for its appearance earlier in the parade.

Afterwards he presented the Cadet awards for the year. The Harold Anderson Scott Memorial Cup for the winner of the inter-platoon competition was given to No. 1 Platoon, under Cadet Lt. W. Frost and Sgt. D. McLernon. The shield for corps initiative and smartness

was awarded to the Guards under C.S.M. C. Kenny. The G. W. Hess Memorial Trophy for inter-platoon shooting was awarded to No. 4. Platoon, and presented to Cadet Lt. P. Coolican.

He presented the medal for the Best Recruit to Cadet K. Cobbett, and the medal for Best Cadet to Cadet K. Dyer. The medal for the Most Efficient N.C.O. was given to Staff/Sgt. P. Hutchins. The Strathcona Trust Medal for the best cadet in the Corps, regardless of rank, was awarded to C.S.M. C. Kenny.

No. 2. Cadet Corps was awarded the Strathcona Trust Trophies for Signalling and Military Efficiency.

D. MONK, (Cadet Capt.)



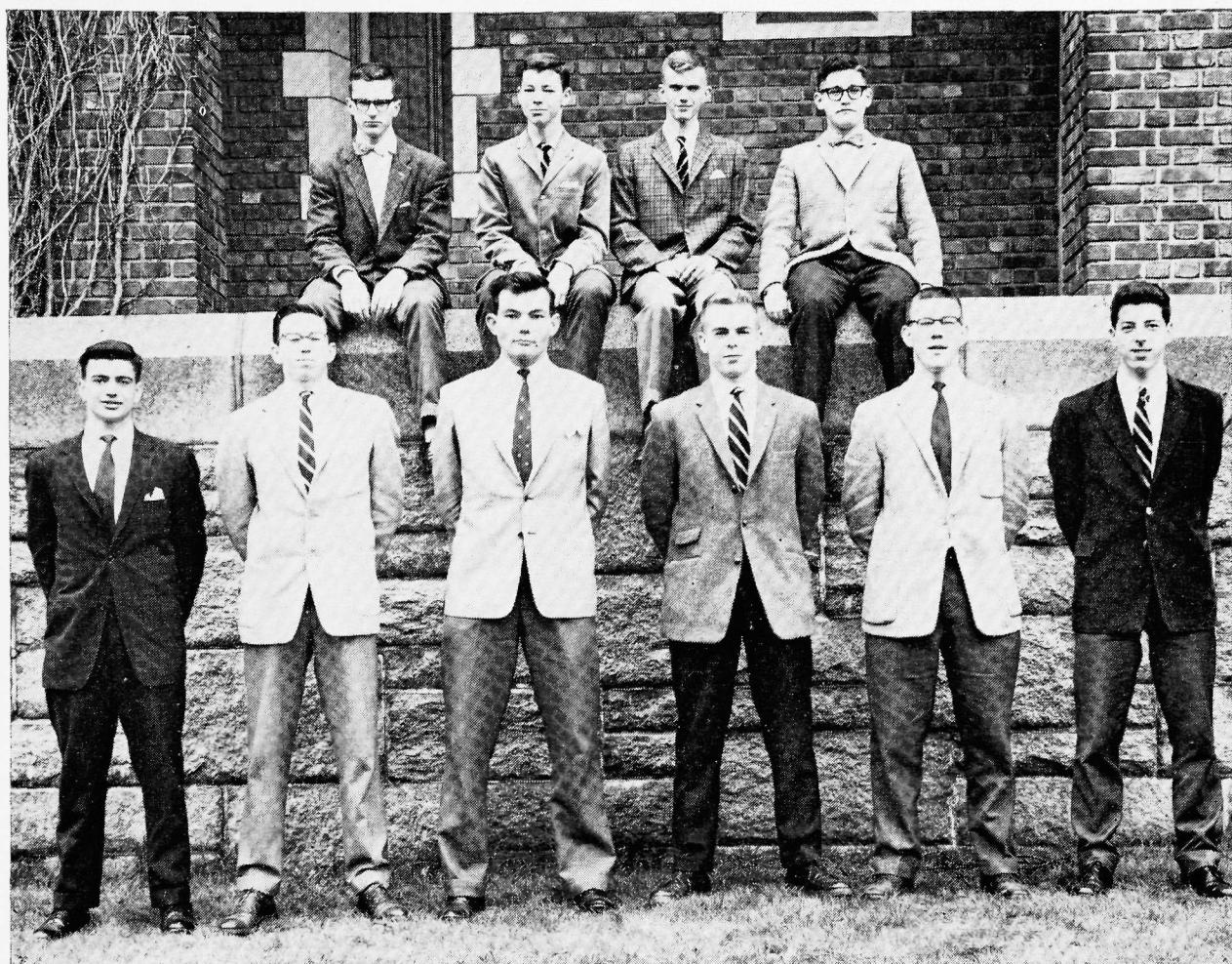
MAJ. GEN. FLEURY PRESENTS THE STRATHCONA MEDAL TO C.S.M. C. KENNY

MAJ. GEN. FLEURY INSPECTS THE BAND



THE SENIOR FORMS

SEVENTH FORM



CLICHE, PETER; 1957; Smith House; Cadet Sgt.; 1st Soccer Crease; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Bishop's University; 10 Agnes St., Lake Megantic, Que.

FROST, WILLIAM; 1957; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Lieut.; Master Cadet; Players' Club; Magazine Staff; 1st Football Colours; 1st Track Colours; McGill University; c/o Alcan Jamaica, Ltd., Kirkvine P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.

KHAZZAM, SASOON; 1955; Chapman House; Cadet C.Q.M.S.; W.O. 2; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; 1st Hockey Team; 1st Cricket Colours; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Dartmouth College; Cayuga Trail, Harrison, N.Y.

MACDONALD, ROBERT; 1953; Williams House; Prefect; Cadet Major; Master Cadet; Head of Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; French Club; Chess Club (President); Head Librarian, '61; Soccer Colours (Vice-Captain); McGill University; 126 Elm St., Granby, Que.

MONK, DOUGLAS; 1957; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Captain; Master Cadet; Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Editor-in-Chief '61, '62; 1st Football

Colours; Queen's University; 131 McMichael Ave., Kingston, Ont.

PENHALE, IAN; 1957; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Master Cadet; Magazine School Record Editor; Stamp Club; 1st Soccer Team; Bishop's University; Braeside, Thetford Mines, Que.

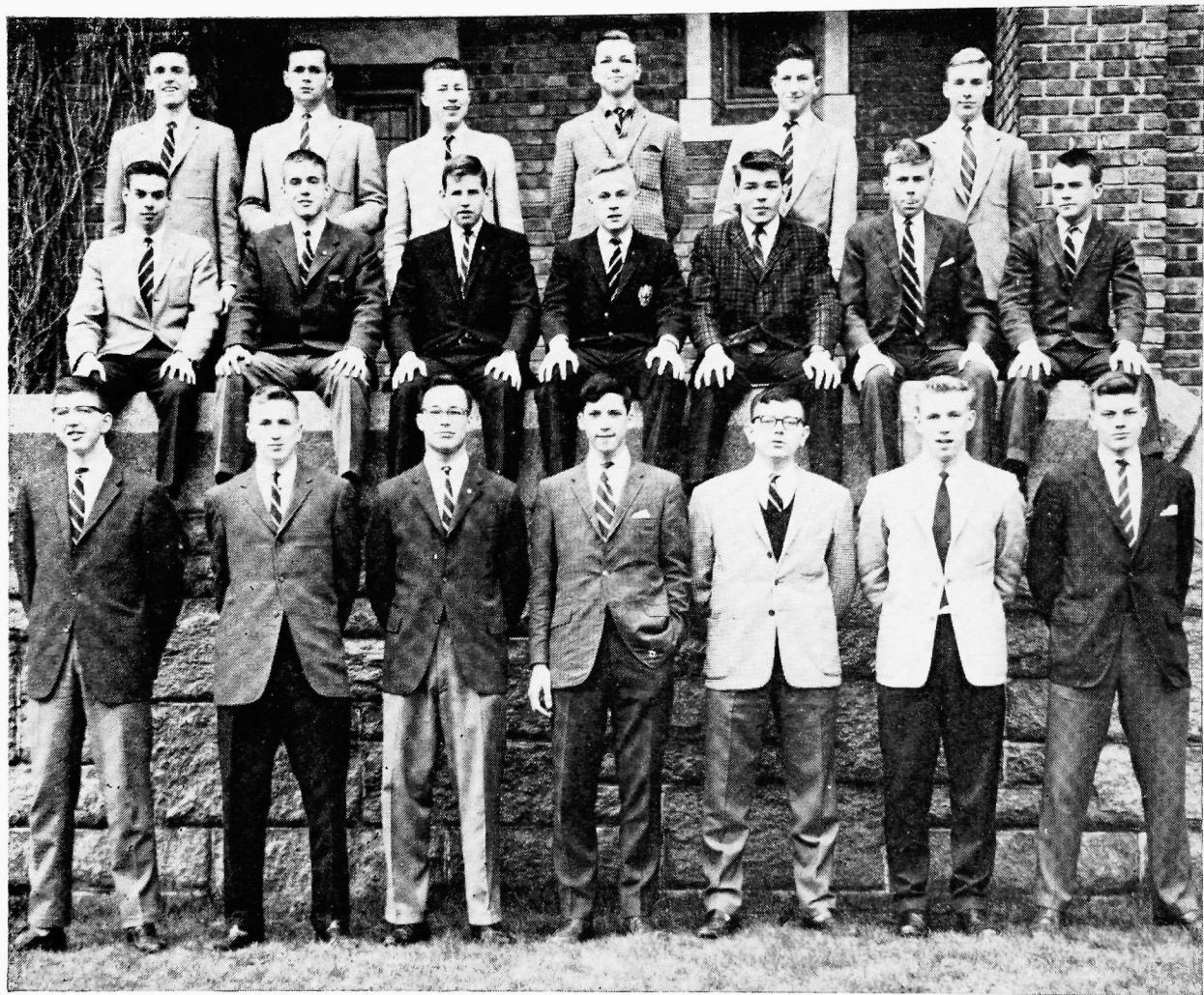
PIDCOCK, PAUL; 1957; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Q.M. Sgt.; Players' Club; 1st Soccer Team; 1st Hockey Team; Track Team; McGill University; 641 O'Meara St., Thetford Mines, Que.

STOVEL, JOSEPH; 1955; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Master Cadet; Magazine Business Manager; Astronomy Club; 1st Soccer Team; Toronto University; 9 Birchwood Ave., Willowdale, Ont.

THOMAS, ROGER; 1959; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Band Sgt.; Astronomy Club; 1st Football Colours; McGill University; 4097 Highland Ave., Montreal 6, Que.

TUGWELL, ANTHONY; 1961; Grier House; 1st Football Team; 2nd Football Colours; Queen's University; c/o R.C.A.F. Station, Parent, Que.

MATRICULATION SIXTH



BALLANTYNE, WILLIAM; 1960; Grier House; Debating Society; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; Bisons Hockey; Track Team; Bishop's University; 2 Ballantyne Terrace, Dorval, Que.

BURKHARD, RUDOLF; 1960; Smith House; Players' Club; Stamp Club; 2nd Football Team; 205 Sherbrooke St., Beaconsfield, Que.

CLUBB, JAMES; 1958; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieut.; Master Cadet; Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; 2nd Cricket Colours '61; Under XVI (Vice-Capt.); D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Princeton University; 48 Morrison Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Que.

COOLICAN, PETER; 1958; Smith House; Cadet Lieut.; Master Cadet; Librarian; Players' Club; 1st Soccer Team; 1st Ski Colours (Capt.); 2nd Cricket Colours; Under XVI, (Capt.); Jr. Porteous Cup, '60; Whittall Cup, '62; Seventh Form; 459 Buena Vista Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.

DEMISCH, WOLFGANG; 1960; Chapman House; Debating Society; Chess Club; 1st Soccer Team; Seventh Form; 410 Armadale Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

HAMILTON, BRUCE; 1960; Williams House; Players' Club; Astronomy Club; 2nd Football Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; Seventh Form; 301 Grosvenor Ave., Montreal 6, Que.

HENDRY, KENNETH; 1960; Grier House; Players' Club; Stamp Club; 1st Football Team; Bisons Hockey; Track Team; Seventh Form; 311 Blvd. St. Luc, Asbestos, Que.

HICKS, MUNSON; 1957; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Debating Society, (Secretary); Players' Club; Stamp Club; 2nd Football Team; Under XVI Cricket; Haverford College; Box 575, Brattleboro, Vermont.

HUTCHINS, PETER; 1955; Grier House; Head Boy; Cadet Staff/Sgt.; Choir; Players' Club; Magazine Staff; Chess Club; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Club; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Track Colours; Kyrtsis Medal; Stoker Cup; Richardson Trophy; Prep Sportsmanship Trophy; Seventh Form; 3455 Stanley St., Montreal, Que.

JOHNSTON, ROBERT; 1959; Chapman House; Cadet Cpl.; Debating Society; Players' Club; Stamp Club; 2nd Football Team (Vice-Capt.); Mohawks Hockey (Capt.); McGill University; 632 Clarke Ave., Westmount, Que.

LASKEY, PETER; 1958; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.; Librarian; Players' Club; 1st Soccer Team; McGill University; 440 Walnut Ave., St. Lambert, Que.

LEE, RICHARD; 1959; Chapman House; Cadet Sgt.; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Shooting Team '61, '62; Bowdoin College; 382 University Ave., Fredericton, N.B.

MACCULLOCH, KIRK; 1956; Grier House; Cadet H.Q. Lieut.; Master Cadet; Librarian; 1st Soccer Crease; Abenakis Hockey; Under XVI Cricket; Dalhousie University; P.O. Box 283, Bedford, N.S.

MARCHANT, KENNING; 1958; Grier House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Master Cadet; Choir (Head Librarian); Debating Society (Vice-President); Players' Club; Magazine Literary Editor; Stamp Club (President); Chess Club (President); 1st Soccer Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; Seventh Form; 14 Westwood Drive, Pointe Claire, Que.

MCNEILL, DAVID; 1958; Grier House; Head Boy; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; 1st Football Colours; Abenakis Hockey; Track Team; Winner Jr. Tennis Doubles, '59, '60; P.Q.R.A. 1st Class; Shooting Team '61, '62; McGill University; 4081 Highland Ave., Montreal, Que.

POCOCK, CHRISTOPHER; 1960; Williams House; Camera Club; 1st Football Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; 2nd Track Colours; 2nd Jr. Cross Country, '60; 1st Senior Cross Country, '61; Seventh Form.

ROWAT, MALCOLM; 1954; Grier House; Head Boy; Cadet Staff/Sgt.; Choir; Players' Club; Stamp Club; 1st Soccer Team; Mohawks Hockey (Capt. '60, '61); Track Team; Neuchatel Junior College; 5226 Cote St. Antoine Rd., Montreal, Que.

SARCOLI, LUIIGI; 1959; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.; Players' Club; Seventh Form; 188 Montcalm Blvd., St. Jean, Que.

WALKER, GILES; 1957; Williams House; Cadet Cpl.; Astronomy Club; 2nd Football Team; Seventh Form; St. Andrews, N.B.

WANKLYN, GEORGE; 1960; Chapman House; Cadet Cpl.; Debating Society (Secretary); Players' Club; Magazine Staff; Soccer Crease; 1st Hockey (Manager); Seventh Form; P.O. Box 933, Prospect Ridge, Nassau, Bahamas.

CERTIFICATE SIXTH (1)

BREWER, RONALD; 1961; Williams House; Astronomy Club; 1st Soccer Crease; Seventh Form; Box 532, Bourlamaque, Que.

CRAWFORD, PETER; 1955; Grier House; Cadet Cpl.; Players' Club; 2nd Football Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; Abenakis Hockey, (Vice-Capt. '61); Under XVI Cricket, '61; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Seventh Form; Minto, N.B.

DEAN, RICHARD; 1960; Grier House; Stamp Club; McGill University; 403 Cote St. Antoine Rd., Westmount, Que.

GALE, CHARLES; 1958; Grier House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieut.; Choir; Players' Club; Stamp Club (Treas.); 2nd Football Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; Bisons (Vice-Capt.); Track Team; Seventh Form.

JESSOP, PETER; 1955; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Players' Club; Chalet Vice-Pres.; 1st Football Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; Track Team; College Militaire Royale; Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

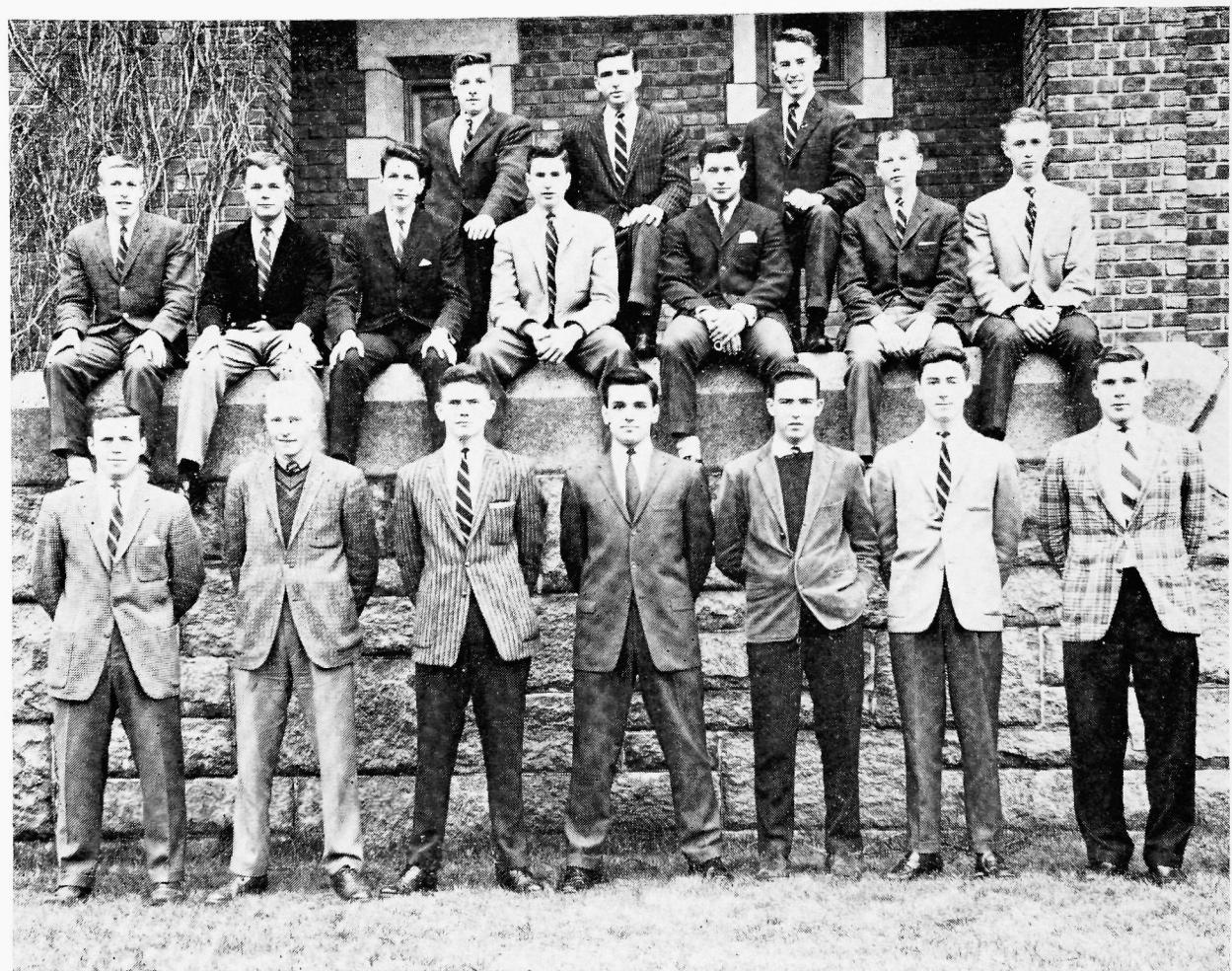
JONES, MARTIN; 1960; Grier House; 1st Soccer Crease; Hillside Ave., Hudson Heights, Que.

KENNY, COLIN; 1954; Grier House; Prefect; Cadet C.S.M.; Master Cadet; Head Server; Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Staff; 1st Football Colours (Vice-Capt.); 1st Hockey Colours; Track Team; Stoker Cup; Cleghorn Cup; Carleton College; 141 Howick, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.

KINGSTON, PETER; 1956; Grier House; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Players' Club; 1st Soccer Colours (Capt.); Middlebury College; 25 Forden Ave., Westmount, Que.

MCLENNON, DAVID; 1954; Williams and Grier Houses; Head Prefect; Cadet Sgt.; Server; Players' Club; Magazine Sports Editor; 1st Football Colours (Captain); 1st Hockey Colours (Captain); 1st Cricket Colours (Captain); Winner Jr. Cross Country '58; Jr. Tennis Singles '58, '59; Doubles '58, '59; Sr. Tennis Singles '60, '61; Doubles '61; Jr. Squash '58, '59; Senior '60; '61, '62; Jr. All Round Championship '58, '59; Senior '60, '61; Wiggett Trophy '61; McGill University; 35 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, Que.

CERTIFICATE SIXTH (I)



MACDOUGALL, GORDON; 1960; Grier House; Players' Club; Chess Club; 2nd Football Colours; 1st Hockey Team; Under XVI Cricket; Seventh Form; 521 Clarke Ave., Westmount, Que.

MACPHERSON, IAN; 1957; Williams House; Cadet L/Cpl.; Choir (Assistant Librarian); Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; 1st Team Soccer; 2nd Soccer Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; Seventh Form; Government House, St. John's, Nfld.

MADELEY, PETER; 1960; Grier House; 1st Football Team; Seventh Form; 9 Bennett Place, Westfield, N.J.

POCOCK, THOMAS; 1960; Chapman House; Players' Club; 1st Soccer Colours; Seventh Form

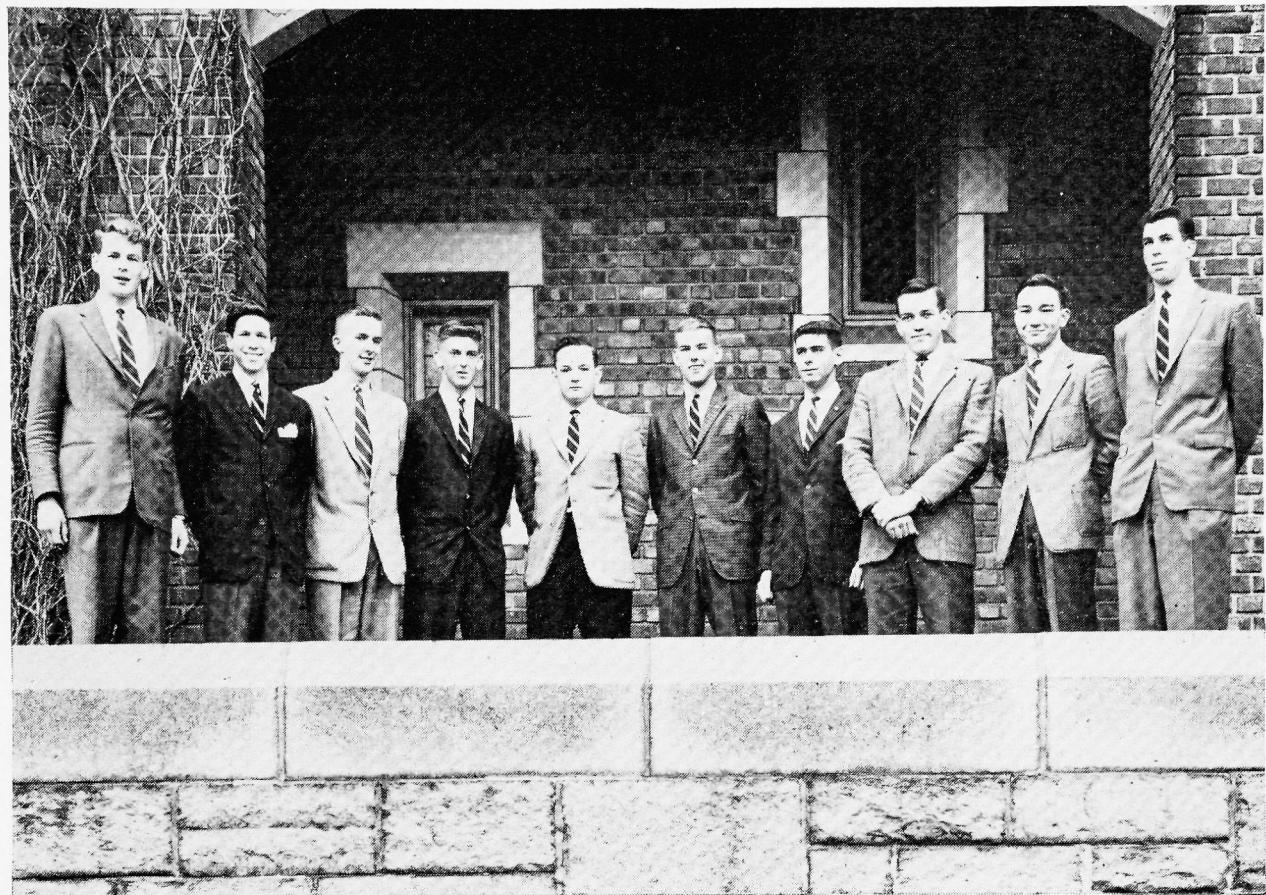
SIMMS, FRANK; 1961; Grier House; 2nd Football Colours; 1st Ski Colours; College Militaire Royale; 32 River Rd., Grand'mere, Que.

STEVENSON, JOHN; 1955; Chapman House; Cadet Cpl.; Master Cadet; Players' Club; Astronomy Club; McGill University; Willow Brook Farm, St. Andrews East, Que.

TRAKAS, GEORGE; 1957; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieut.; Master Cadet; Choir; Debating Society (Pres.); Players' Club; Camera Club; Chalet President; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours (Vice-Capt.); Track Team (Vice-Capt. '61); D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Shooting Team '61, '62; Wiggett Trophy; McGill University; 1185 Brown Ave., Quebec.

WILSON, KEITH; 1957; Smith House; Librarian; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; Bisons Hockey; Track Team, '61; Seventh Form; 40 Lakeside Ave., Blind River, Ont.

CERTIFICATE SIXTH (2)



ABRAHAMSON, ROSS; 1958; Grier House; Choir; 1st Football Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; Bisons (Assistant Capt.); D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Seventh Form; Apt. 502, 385 Queenston Rd., Hamilton, Ont.

CHACRA, ALAN; 1958; Grier House; Choir; 1st Team Football; Bisons Hockey; Sir George Williams University; 10410 Hogue St., Montreal, Que.

VON COLDITZ, DICK; 1957; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.; 1st Football Team; Track Team; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Sir George Williams University; 189 Glencoe Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Que.

DAWES, PETER; 1957; Grier House; Choir; Librarian; Debating Society; Players' Club; Abenakis Hockey (Manager); D.C.R.A. 1st Class; McGill University; 57 Belvedere Circle, Westmount, Que.

GAMMON, WILLIAM; 1958; Grier House; Players' Club; Stamp Club; 1st Football Team; D.C.R.A. 1st Class; Duke University; 149 Foreside Rd., Falmouth Foreside, Maine.

MITCHELL, JOHN; 1959; Williams House; Cadet L/Cpl.; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; Camera Club (1st Class); French Club; Astronomy Club; 2nd Football Team; Bisons Hockey; Sir George Williams University; 68 Somerset Rd., Baie d'Urfe, Que.

PAPINEAU, KENNETH; 1958; Williams House; Magazine Photo Editor; Camera Club (President); Stamp Club; 41 McNaughton Ave., Hudson, Que.

REILLEY, MICHAEL; 1958; Williams House; Cadet Sgt.; Players' Club; 2nd Football Colours; Bisons Hockey; 2721 Blvd. Marie Victorin, Longueuil, Que.

Ross, GRAEME; 1956; Grier House; Cadet L/Cpl.; Players' Club; 2nd Football Team; Bisons Hockey; 8 Sunny Acres, Baie d'Urfe, Que.

SKELTON, CHRISTOPHER; 1959; Chapman House; 1st Football Team; Track Team; 2403 St. Louis Rd., Sillery, Que.



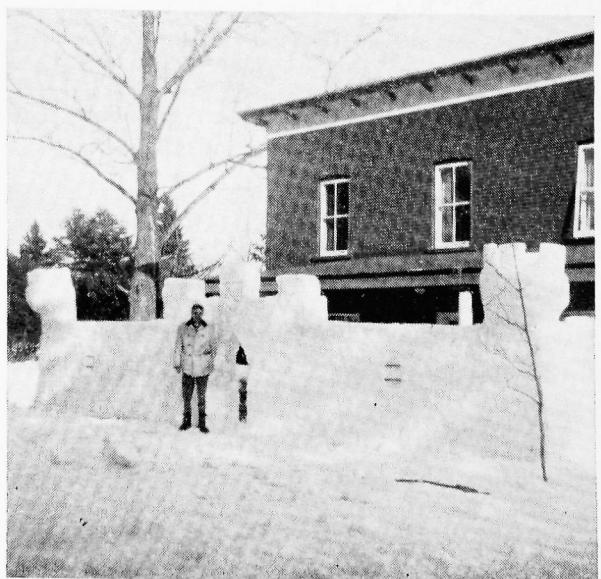
THE PREFECTS

D. McLERNON (Head Prefect), R. MACDONALD, THE HEADMASTER, C. KENNY, W. FROST.

GRIER HOUSE BARBECUE

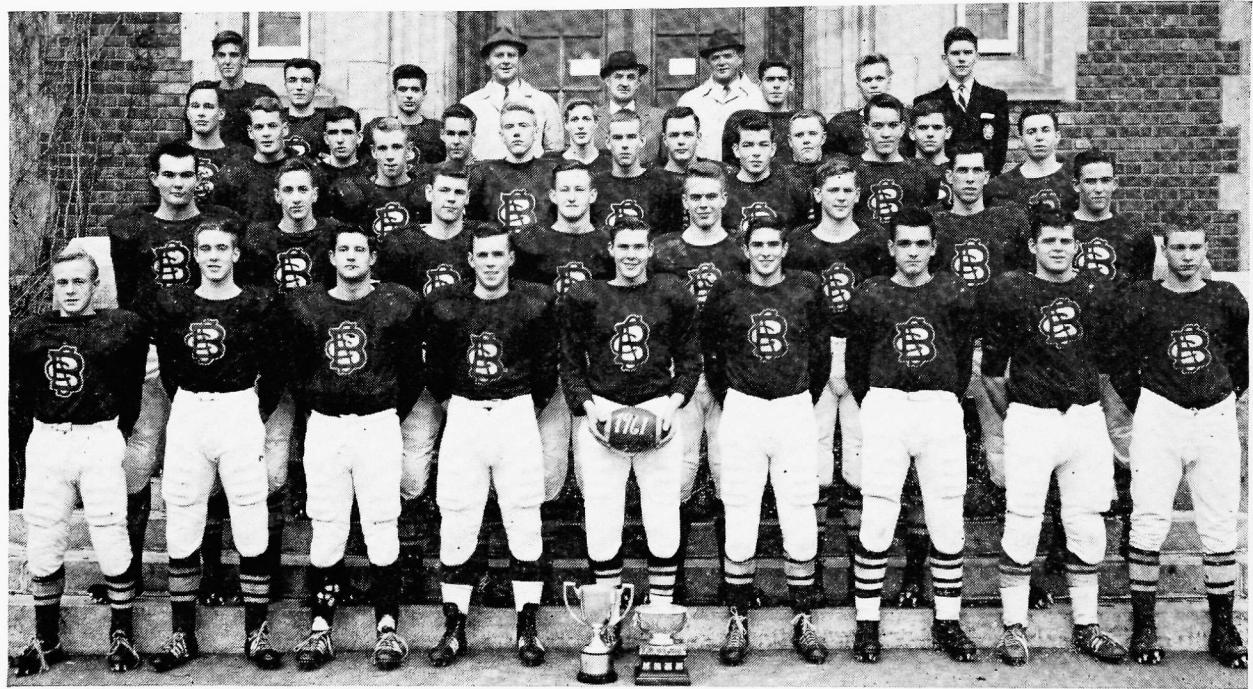


WILLIAMS HOUSE 'ANNEX'



SPORTS





FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Winners of The Shirley Russel and Ashbury Old Boys' Cups

Back Row: N. GAMMON, E. B. PILGRIM, Esq., THE HEADMASTER, S. F. ABBOTT, Esq., T. POCOCK (Manager).

Fifth Row: W. HANSON, S. KHAZZAM, A. CHACRA, C. VROOM.

Fourth Row: K. HENDRY, P. MADELEY, P. RUSSEL, K. WILSON, F. SIMMS, K. BILLINGS, A. MACNAUGHTON.

Third Row: C. SKELTON, R. LEE, H. SAFFORD, M. REILLY, W. BALLANTYNE, R. ABRAHAMSON, A. TUGWELL.

Second Row: W. FROST, D. MACNEIL, T. GLEN, M. BELLM, R. THOMAS, D. ABBOTT, D. VON COLDITZ, G. MACDOUGALL.

Front Row: J. CLUBB, P. HUTCHINS, P. JESSOP, C. KENNY (Vice-Captain), D. McLERNON (Captain), W. MITCHELL (Vice-Captain), G. TRAKAS, D. NANCEKIVELL, C. GIBB-CARSLEY.

FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL, 1961

The First Football Team was able to build on a strong nucleus from last year's team, seven colours returning with the same enthusiasm exhibited in the fall of 1960. Potentially, this year's team was better than last year's, and to attest that the spirit of its predecessor was sustained is to pay it the highest possible compliment.

The games most memorable were those against Lower Canada and Ashbury. Both the Shirley Russell Cup and the B.C.S. Old Boys' Cup were regained, the latter not having graced its old position in the dining hall for the past nine years. In both of these games, the School beat technically superior teams. It was simply a question of mind over matter, and the excellent conditioning of our team helped considerably. It should be noted that there now is only one game per year played against Ashbury in football; perhaps the 'sudden death' nature

of the game this year inspired our team to play the furious sixty minutes it did. The spirit of the team in these two games is a tribute to the coach, Capt. S. F. Abbott, who was able to teach his team a great deal of football, but more importantly, he was able to instill again in the team a willingness to play hard and enthusiastically, a characteristic which any coach would be proud to see in his team.

First Team Colours were awarded to the following: Abbott, Abrahamson, Bellm, Clubb, Frost, Gibb-Carsley, Hanson, Hutchins, Jessop, Kenny, Lee, McLernon (Captain), McNeill, Mitchell, Monk, Nancekivell, Thomas, and Trakas.

Kenny was awarded the Cleghorn Cup, having been chosen by his captain as the player most valuable to the team.

Played 8 — Won 5 — Lost 3
Points for—82; Points against—57

BEACONSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL AT B.C.S., SEPTEMBER 23.

1st Quarter: No Score.
2nd Quarter: B.C.S. — Single.
3rd Quarter: B.C.S. — Touchdown.
4th Quarter: B.H.S. — Touchdown.
Final Score: B.C.S., 8; B.H.S., 6. *W*

ROSEMOUNT HIGH AT B.C.S., SEPTEMBER 30.

1st Quarter: R.H.S. — Touchdown.
2nd Quarter: B.C.S. — Field Goal.
3rd Quarter: No Score.
4th Quarter: No Score.
Final Score: B.C.S., 3; R.H.S., 6. *L*

STANSTEAD COLLEGE AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 7.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. — Touchdown.
B.C.S. — Touchdown.
2nd Quarter: S.W.C. — Single
3rd Quarter: B.C.S. — Touchdown.
B.C.S. — Convert.
4th Quarter: B.C.S. — Single.

Final Score: B.C.S., 20; Stanstead, 1. *W*

OLD BOYS AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 9.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. — Field Goal.
2nd Quarter: Old Boys — Touchdown.
3rd Quarter: No Score.
4th Quarter: B.C.S. — Single.
Final Score: B.C.S., 4; Old Boys, 6. *W*

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 14.

1st Quarter: L.C.C. — Single.
B.C.S. — Touchdown.
B.C.S. — Convert.
B.C.S. — Touchdown.
2nd Quarter: No Score.
3rd Quarter: L.C.C. — Touchdown.
4th Quarter: No Score.
Final Score: B.C.S., 13; L.C.C., 7. *W*

B.C.S. AT ASHBURY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 21.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. — Touchdown.
B.C.S. — Convert.
2nd Quarter: No Score.
3rd Quarter: Ashbury — Touchdown.
4th Quarter: No Score.
Final Score: B.C.S., 7; Ashbury, 6. *W*

JOHN RENNIE HIGH SCHOOL AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 28.

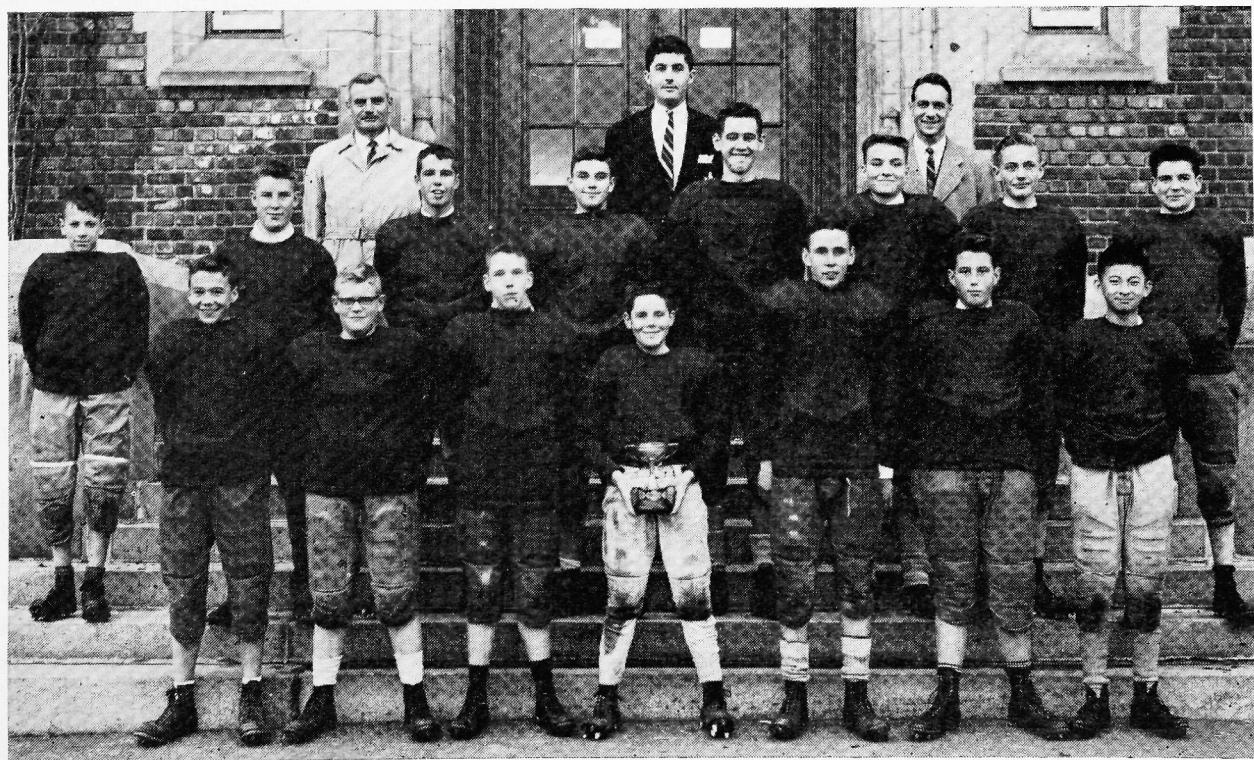
1st Quarter: B.C.S. — Field Goal.
2nd Quarter: No Score.
3rd Quarter: J.R.H.S. — Touchdown.
J.R.H.S. — Convert.
4th Quarter: J.R.H.S. — Touchdown.
B.C.S. — Touchdown.
Final Score: B.C.S., 9; J.R.H.S., 13. *L*

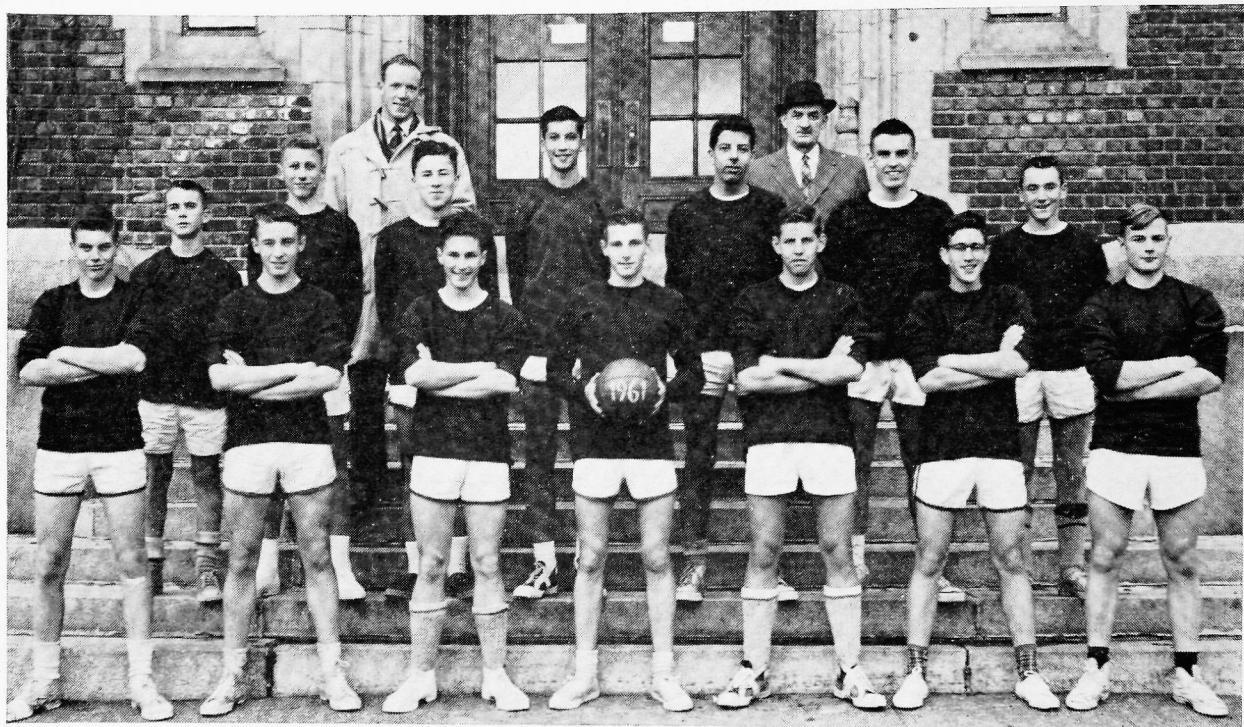
THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row: E. DENISON, Esq., A. TROUBETZKOY, Esq., R. BEDARD, Esq.

Middle Row: L. MEJIA, G. CUNDILL, P. ROLLAND, R. SHANNON, R. MONTANO, B. ROBERTSON, S. FOX, D. SHAUGHNESSY.

Front Row: P. DOHENY, P. DENISON, I. CRAIG, P. JONES, D. VALLILLEE, T. JONES, J. LOU.





SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: J. F. G. CLIFTON, Esq., F. R. PATTISON, Esq., (Headmaster)

Middle Row: P. COOLICAN, W. DEMISCH, P. LASKEY, P. PIDCOCK, M. ROWAT, D. ABDALLA.

Front Row: C. POCOCK, I. MACPHERSON, R. MACDONALD, (Vice-Captain), P. KINGSTON (Captain), C. MARCHANT, P. FERTIG, G. BUZZELL.

SOCCER

For the partisans of the round ball it was a successful year. So much enthusiasm was shown at the beginning of the season that B.C.S. entered senior and junior teams in the local league, so that at the height of the season there were at least two or three matches each week.

This was the first year that independent schools have entered the league (Stanstead College also joined) and it marks, perhaps, a turning point for soccer here at B.C.S. Now, regular league matches both at home and away are played, as well as such "exhibition" games as those against the Masters and the First Football Team. After last year's ignoble defeat, the Soccer Team was able to hold the Masters to a 1-1 draw this year, but lost to the Football Team.

On paper alone, the league results were not particularly impressive. The senior team came third out of five teams, while the juniors came fourth out of seven teams.

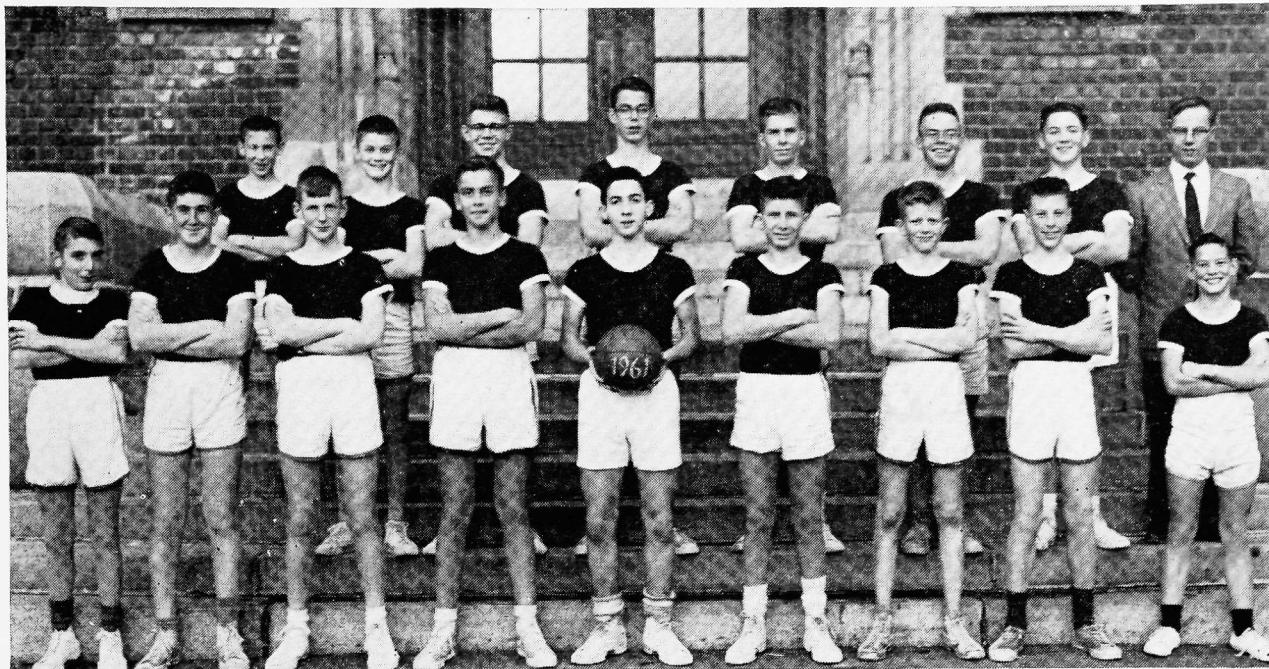
However, most of the teams competing in the league are drawn from schools of a much larger size than B.C.S. and which take soccer as their only major winter sport. With this in mind, the results appear much more satisfactory. There is no doubt at all that in future years the soccer teams will become progressively more successful.

First Soccer colours were won by P. Kingston (Captain), R. MacDonald (Vice-Captain), C. Pocock, I. Macpherson, P. Fertig, and G. Buzzell.

Senior league results: — Sherbrooke High School, Lennoxville High School, B.C.S., St. Patrick's High School, and Stanstead College.

Junior league results: — Sherbrooke High School, St. Patrick's High School, Drummondville High School, B.C.S., Stanstead College, Notre Dame, Richmond, and Lennoxville High School.

J.F.G.C.



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: A. MACNAUGHTON, B. FOWLER, P. BENESH, C. RAYMOND, B. EDSON, J. HUNT, R. JUNEAU, D. BRANDWOOD, Esq.

Front Row: A. SMITH, S. KHAZZAM, L. EVANS, T. MARSHALL (Vice-Captain), F. DE SAINTE-MARIE (Captain), P. GOLDBERG, J. VIPOND, T. DAVIS, F. AUSTIN.

CROSS COUNTRY

The annual Cross Country Race was held on November 1, 1961, a wet and cold day. In spite of the weather, however, there was a record number of 169 finishers. The Boswell Cup for the Senior Race was won by C. Pocock of Williams House, who ran 18 seconds behind the standing record of 27.37. Second and third places were captured by I. Macpherson and P. Russel.

K. Dyer, also of Williams House, in winning the Heneker Cup for the Junior Race, clipped 28 seconds off the best previous time for the shorter junior course, winning the race in 21.55 minutes. Following him were C. Goodfellow, second, and T. Marshall, third.

Williams House won both the Senior and Junior Team Shields, and in the Junior Dormitory Competition, 'B' Dormitory won the Martin Cup.

SQUASH, 1961 - 62

This year the School was fortunate in having a number of good players, from Montreal, competing in the Annual Invitation Tournament which was held in November. In the finals, Tony Lafleur defeated Mr. Rick Gaunt 3-1 in a very exciting match.

The School Tournaments were played in the third

term. In the Senior Tournament David McLernon defeated W. Mitchell 3-0, while in the Junior, P. Castonguay won over D. Shannon 3-0.

We are very grateful to Mr. Gaunt, who visited the School in the second term, for giving some valuable instructions to some of the boys in the School.



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Winners of Ashbury Old Boys Trophy

Back Row: R. BEDARD, Esq., F. PATTISON, Headmaster, K. PAPINEAU (Manager).

Third Row: G. WANKLYN (Manager), P. PIDCOCK, D. ABBOTT, W. HANSON, S. KHAZZAM.

Second Row: P. JESSOP, G. MACDOUGALL, P. HUTCHINS, D. NANCEKIVELL, J. CLUBB.

Front Row: D. LEE, W. MITCHELL (Assistant-Captain), D. McLERNON (Captain), G. TRAKAS (Assistant-Captain), K. DYER.

HOCKEY

At the moment of writing this, the silver gleams brightly in the Dining Hall. May we be forgiven for speaking of trophies, but it has been a long time since the Old Boys' Association trophies and the Shirley Russell Cup filled all the spaces behind the Head Table.

Yes, it was a good team. Before Christmas, it extended Dartmouth Frosh and St. Jean Baptiste, eventual O.T.J. Champions in hard-fought losses, but it was the lengthening days of January that began to show the cohesion of a championship team. Stanstead and the Sherbrooke Juvenile games honed the team to a fine edge for the Deerfield Raid. There, in a sudden-death overtime game, the signs of great capability appeared. Ashbury, already defeated by L.C.C., came next, and B.C.S. made the margin of victory as large as possible. Whoever won at L.C.C. took the trophy.

Wisely, the Montreal trip began on Saturday morning; the 1962 team went in to play hockey, which they did. The larger ice surface, a powerful L.C.C. lineup and equally strong bench were obstacles great enough to stop a team of baser metal (or should it be mettle?). This team struck for three goals at the outset, and staved off an agonizing counterattack to earn a draw, and thus the A.O.B.A. Trophy came back for another year by a margin of two goals.

For the first time in too many years, the team effort was sustained till the end. More often than not, the passing plays were tremendous, the backchecking solid. Wingmen were changed as emergency and injury demanded, with little apparent weakening of the forward lines. Three fast-improving defencemen rotated so effectively that a sub rearguard was seldom used. Dyer,

Abenaki goalie, played in spot assignments during the season, and performed prodigies in the big one against L.C.C.

First Team Colours were awarded to Abbott, Clubb, Hutchins, Kenny McLernon, Mitchell and Trakas; Second Colours to Dyer, Hanson, Jessop, Lee, and Nancekivell.

The Gerald M. Wiggett Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the player who, in the opinion of the coach, best combines sportsmanship with ability, was presented to Assistant Captain George Trakas, who, as Mr. Bédard remarked, combined well the attributes of Gerry's hockey philosophy. The School agreed, noisily.

Well done, First Team, 1962!

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY, 1961 - 62

Played—18; Won—13; Lost—2; Tied—3.

Goals for—135; Goals against—49.

Penalties in Minutes—B.C.S., 114; Opponents, 190.

HOME GAMES

B.C.S. — 2; St. Jean Baptiste — 4.
 B.C.S. — 4; Dartmouth College Freshmen — 5.
 B.C.S. — 7; St. Pat's — 2.
 B.C.S. — 9; St. Pat's — 1.
 B.C.S. — 8; Junior Maroons — 1.
 B.C.S. — 8; Optimists — 1.
 B.C.S. — 15; Old Boys — 2.
 B.C.S. — 9; Optimists — 3.
 B.C.S. — 12; Progress, — 1.
 B.C.S. — 11; Aramis — 1.
 B.C.S. — 6; Optimists — 3.
 B.C.S. — 9; Ashbury College — 3.
 B.C.S. — 3; Waterville — 3.
 B.C.S. — 14; Stanstead — 4.

AWAY GAMES

B.C.S. — 4; Stanstead — 4.
 B.C.S. — 5; Stanstead — 3.
 B.C.S. — 6; Deerfield Academy — 5.
 B.C.S. — 3; Lower Canada College — 3.

SCORING BY PERIODS

	1st	2nd	3rd
B.C.S.	46	51	38
Opponents... . .	17	14	18

DARTMOUTH FRESHMEN AT B.C.S., DECEMBER 2.

1st Period: B.C.S. Clubb (McLernon, Mitchell)
 Dartmouth, Zeh (Cagnoni, Hayes)
 2nd Period: B.C.S. McLernon (Clubb, Mitchell)
 Dartmouth, Hayes
 Dartmouth, Hayes (Cooper)
 3rd Period: Dartmouth, Cagnoni (Cooper, Hayes)
 Dartmouth, Hayes (Cooper)
 B.C.S., Hanson (Clubb)
 B.C.S., Hanson (Mitchell)
 Final Score: B.C.S., 4; Dartmouth Freshmen, 5.

ASHBURY COLLEGE AT B.C.S., FEBRUARY 17.

1st Period: B.C.S., McLernon
 Ashbury, Logie (Cowan, Bethune)
 B.C.S., Hanson (Clubb, Kenny)
 Ashbury, Levitz (Logie, Cowan)
 B.C.S., McLernon (Nancekivell, Kenny)
 2nd Period: B.C.S., McLernon (Nancekivell, Abbott)
 Ashbury, Bethune
 B.C.S., McLernon (Abbott, Kenny)
 3rd Period: B.C.S., Mitchell (McLernon, Nancekivell)
 B.C.S., Jessop (Hanson, Mitchell)
 B.C.S., McLernon (Nancekivell, Abbott)
 B.C.S., Mitchell
 Final Score: B.C.S., 9; Ashbury College, 3.

B.C.S. AT LOWER CANADA COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 24.

1st Period: B.C.S., McLernon (Abbott)
 B.C.S., Mitchell
 2nd Period: B.C.S., Abbott (Mitchell, McLernon)
 3rd Period: L.C.C., Courey
 L.C.C., Tooley
 L.C.C., Tooley
 Final Score: B.C.S., 3; Lower Canada College, 3.

MINOR HOCKEY

Let's boast a little, before we dissect, coldly, our weaknesses. It was pleasant, and traditional, to see B.C.S. cop all three minor titles in the Sherbrooke district, Midget, Bantam and PeeWee, in 1962. Abenakis, Algonquins and Iroquois all hung scalps high in the wigwam before putting away their hickory. We missed the Q.M.H.A. crests for Eastern Townships championships, but with our now-permanent date of early spring vacation, it was and will be impossible to go beyond League playdowns.

We liked the determination of the Prep to retain Micmacs, the second PeeWee entry, although their talent was extremely limited. Other schools, facing less acute shortages, withdrew, but our beginners carried on, and had abundant opportunity to make their mistakes in a full league schedule. They will be better players, and, we believe, better sportsmen, for the effort. Iroquois found the league better balanced than it ever has been, and

their championship reflects the faithful, painstaking coaching, the splendid boy-effort that have characterized the PeeWees of the past.

Algonquins were undefeated, and tied but once, in their bracket. St. Pat's proved to be tough but sportsmanlike opponents in the finals, and one must pay tribute to their new coach, Mr. Pepin, whose influence was in the best tradition of hard, gentlemanly hockey.

Abenakis had a wealth of talent, but played as in-and-outers till the final whistle. When they wanted, they put on a skillful passing attack; after a goal had been scored against them, they often, but not invariably, checked like leeches, but if consistency is a jewel, the 1962 Ab's were no gemnologists. Their weaknesses could have been overcome by a more realistic look at their faults, viz., wandering, blind shooting, failure to get into position to take a pass or to shoot effectively, and a reluctance to come back all the way with their covers.

ABENAKIS HOCKEY

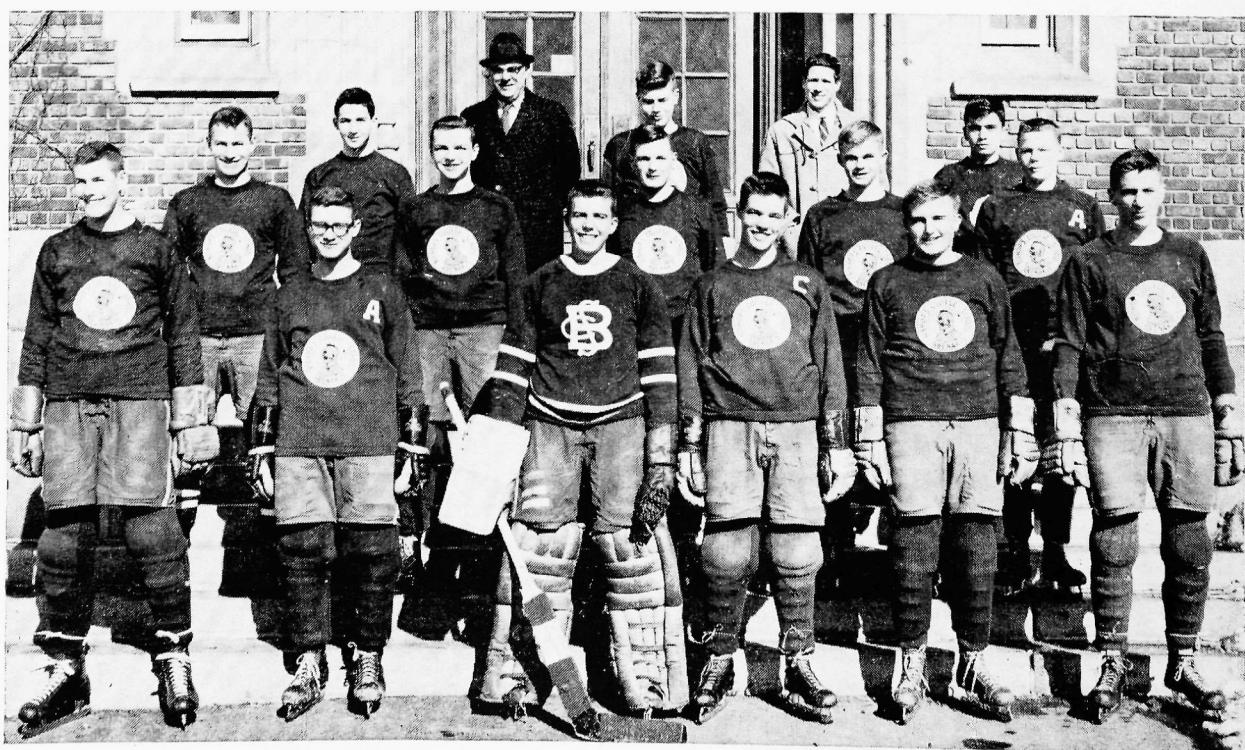
Sherbrooke District Midget Q.M.H.A. Champions

Played 15—Won 9—Lost 3—Tied 3

Back Row: J. G. PATRICKIN, Esq., C. POCOCK, P. DAWES.

Middle Row: C. FRASER, F. DE SAINTE MARIE, K. MACCULLOCH, G. BUZZELL, P. NIXON, P. CASTONGUAY, P. CRAWFORD (Assistant Captain).

Front Row: S. NEWTON, C. GIBB-CARSLEY (Assistant Captain), K. DYER, D. FOX (Captain), I. TAYLOR, D. MCNEILL.



However, they took the league title in the longest play-off series since the Midgets division was organized over 30 years ago.

Mohawks extended Sherbrooke High in the quarter-finals, and made every game a contest, picking up 8 points in the regular schedule. Hurons fought consistently, and took a series from the Stanstead College Bantams, after they had finished the Q.M.H.A. schedule. Crees stepped up to registered Midget status and performed well, throwing a scare into the teams which beat them. Apaches, newest tribe to be christened, grabbed what ice was available, displayed all the zest of a team heading for a title, and defeated by a huge margin the only outside team that we were able to pit against them.

Bisons played a number of exhibition games, and produced five Second Colours amongst the annual awards, a very fair number by all standards. Some of these should be most useful when another season rolls around.

The outside rink was better than ever. Many boys made great use, voluntarily, of the sheet, and the weather co-operated beautifully. Beginners soon learned to carry a puck, ambitious journeyman players improved their skating, and the possibilities of a larger rink, capable of handling Minor games, was more apparent every week the surface was in use.

A major contribution to the success of the winter's sport was in the work of the managers. Although several of the stick-and-locker boys performed more effectively than usual, it is not unfair to select as the Manager of the Year one senior boy whose four fold efficiency, enthusiasm and generosity deserved to be put on the record. It is highly doubtful if one individual helped the hockey at B.C.S. in any one season as did Gordon Stoddard, official manager of Bisons and Mohawks, secretary, scorer, timer, matchmaker and assistant to the coaches of at least three additional minor teams. Thank you, Mr. Manager, for many, many services!

BISONS HOCKEY

Played 12—Won 7—Lost 2—Tied 3

Back Row: E. E. DENISON, Esq., G. STODDARD (Manager).

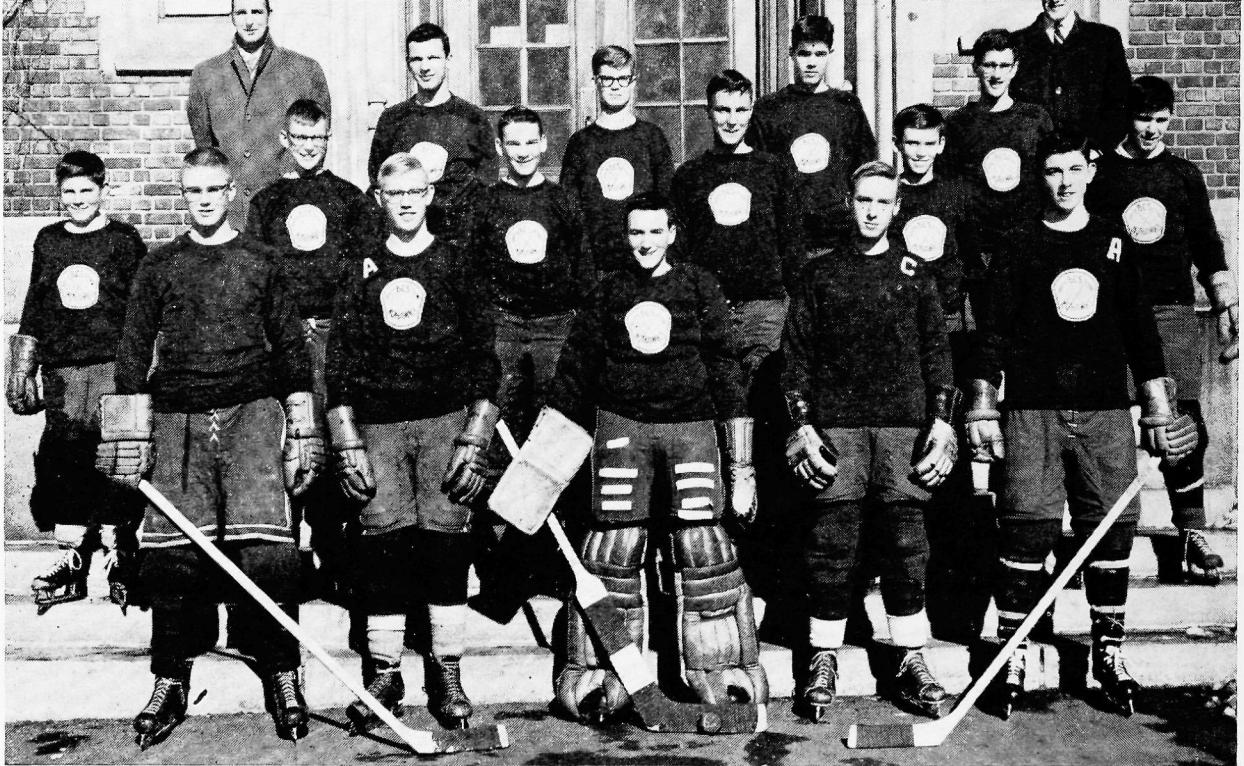
Third Row: K. WILSON, J. MITCHELL, B. HAMILTON.

Second Row: G. ROSS, M. ROWAT, A. CHACRA, T. POCOCK, M. REILLEY, K. HENDRY.

Front Row: R. ABRAHALSON (Assistant Captain), C. GALE (Captain), P. SAFFORD, J. MARCHANT, I. MACPHERSON.

Absent: R. MACDONALD.





MOHAWKS HOCKEY

Played 14—Won 4—Lost 7—Tied 3

Back Row: A. P. CAMPBELL, Esq., D. BISSON, D. BUCH, D. McMARTIN, P. FERTIG, G. STODDARD.

Middle Row: P. JONES, L. EVANS, D. MACDONALD, A. CURRY, J. MORDELL, K. MOYLE.

Front Row: M. PATRICK, D. PATRIQUIN (Assistant Captain), D. ABDALLA, R. JOHNSTON (Captain), P. OLAND (Assistant Captain).

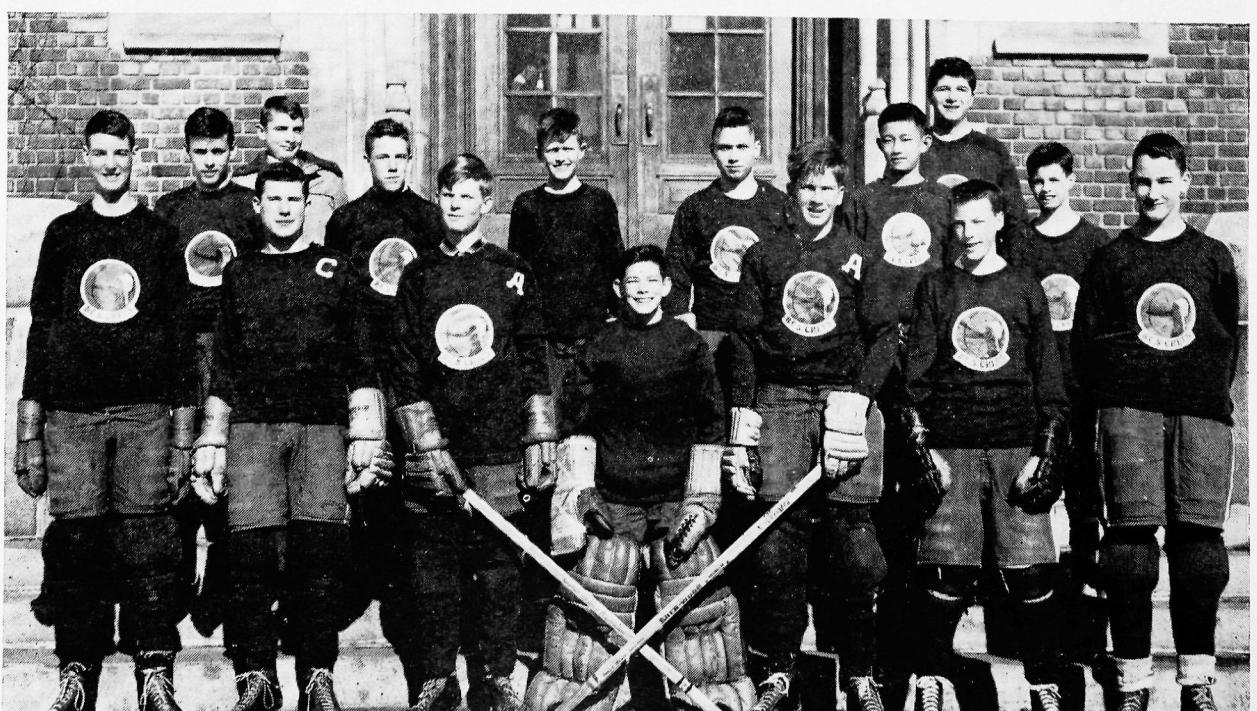
CREES HOCKEY

Played 10—Won 0—Lost 10—Tied 0

Back Row: A. SMITH (Manager), J. WISE.

Middle Row: D. VALLILLEE, J. CRAIG, J. VIPOND, C. OSBORNE, T. LOU, W. O'BRIEN.

Front Row: J. LAW, B. ELLSON (Captain), R. ESMOND-WHITE (Assistant Captain), R. AUSTIN, B. CARTER (Assistant Captain), T. DAVIS, D. McMaster.





ALGONQUINS HOCKEY

Sherbrooke District Q.M.H.A. Champions

Played 15—Won 14—Lost 0—Tied 1

Back Row: E. B. PILGRIM, Esq., S. KHAZZAM, D. McCORMICK, H. KENT, C. DRURY (Manager).

Middle Row: B. McMARTIN, G. SAVAGE, A. MACKAY, C. GOODFELLOW, C. BLACKADER, K. COBBETT.

Front Row: R. FRASER (Assistant Captain), T. MARSHALL (Captain), P. McCONNELL, W. RICE (Assistant Captain), P. ANIDO.

Absent: D. SHAUGHNESSY.

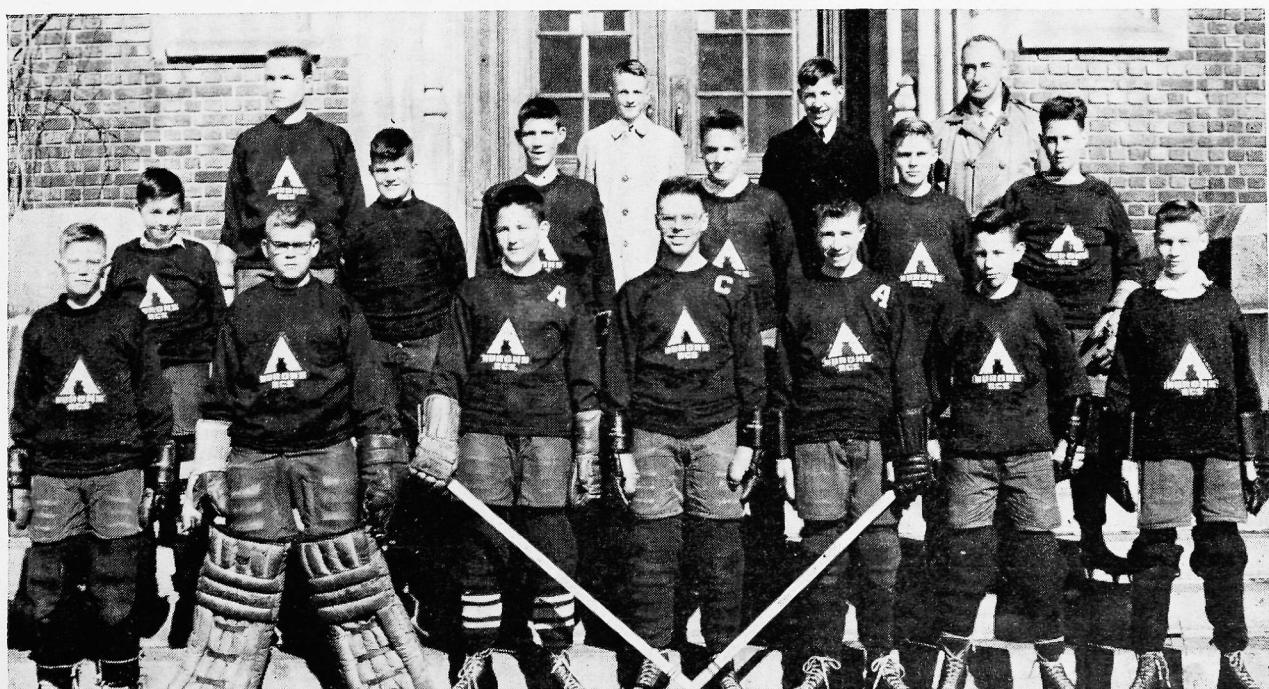
HURONS HOCKEY

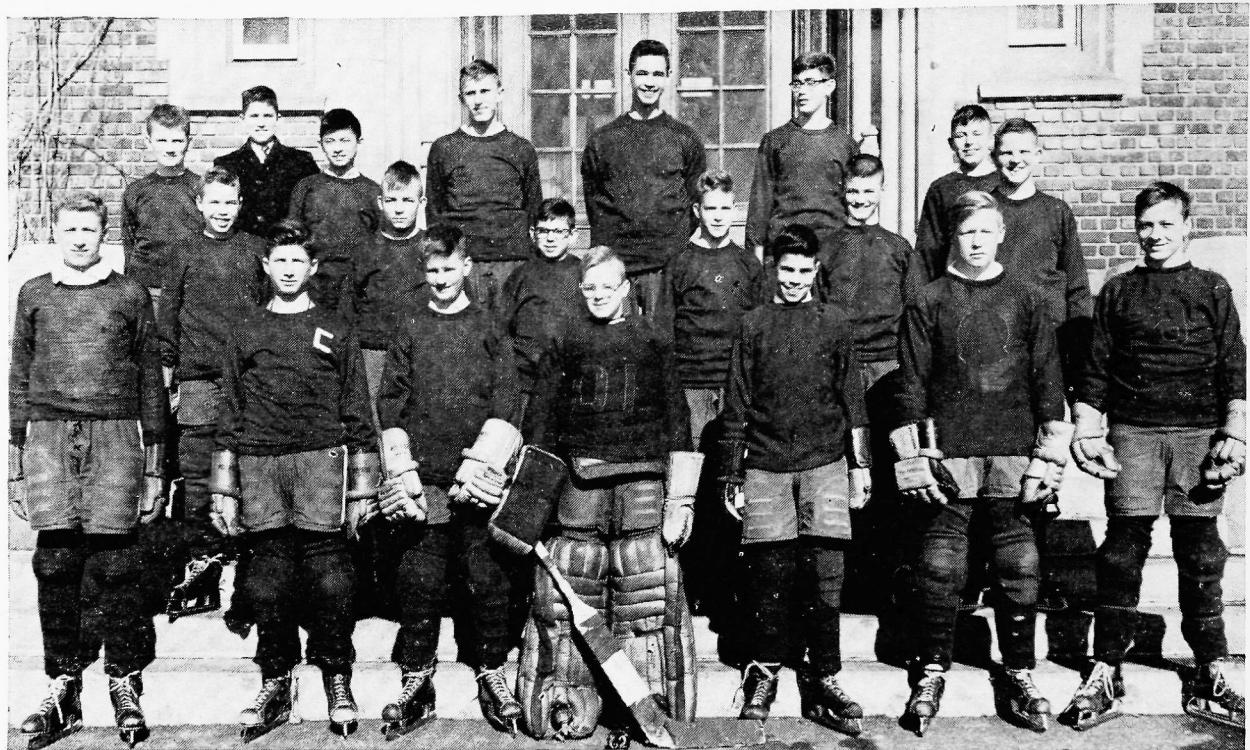
Played 12—Won 0—Lost 12—Tied 0

Back Row: B. ROBERTSON, J. HERNDON (Manager), R. GRAHAM, R. R. OWEN, Esq.

Middle Row: W. FRANCIS, A. McCURDY, A. FERGUSON, J. WORRALL, B. WALKER, T. JONES.

Front Row: M. CRUTCHLOW, P. DENISON, P. HANNA (Assistant Captain), J. HUNT (Captain), R. WILKINSON (Assistant Captain), D. EVANS, C. HENDERSON.





APACHES HOCKEY

Played 8—Won 2—Lost 6—Tied 0

Back Row: E. WRAY, P. GOLDBERG, J. LOU, J. STEWART, R. MONTANO, T. LUNDERVILLE, I. FERGUSON.

Middle Row: A. MCLEOD, T. BAYLY, J. LE NORMAND, J. BURBIDGE, B. FOWLER, J. HAMPSON.

Front Row: D. ANIDO (Assistant Captain), P. GOLDBERG (Captain), E. RYAN, V. DRURY, M. MITCHELL, P. SCHMIDT (Assistant Captain), C. GREEN.

SKIING

Statistics lie! This winter, if we tried to judge the quality of the snow conditions according to the records of the weather station at the Experimental Farm in Lennoxville, we would easily conclude that the skiing was wonderful. What could be more conducive to fine skiing than a season which produced 110 inches of snow, exactly 20 inches above the average for the last 47 years? Unfortunately, our hopes of good skiing were shattered no fewer than four times by the occasion of rain following heavy snow storms. However, the spirit of the School's skiers never subsided. Wednesday afternoon buses to Hillcrest were regular and well attended despite the absence of similar busses from King's Hall.

The First Ski Team had a relatively inactive year as a result of the conditions indicated above, but managed to close considerably the gap between it and Lower Canada College, at the same time increasing the lead over Ash-

bury College. The Triangle Meet was once again held at Mount Orford, with the cross-country at the School. We are grateful for the efficient and good-natured running of the meet by Messrs. Barclay, Powell, and Webster from L.C.C. They once again displayed unusual ability to conduct a smooth, pleasant meet. To add to the paradoxical winter, the only delay in the meet was caused by the thrilling arrival of fourteen inches of fluffy powder snow the night before the meet. Thus, the down-hill required an unanticipated hour and a half of packing.

First Team Colours were awarded to Collyer, Coolican (Captain), Lubbecki, Russel, Rankin, and Simms.

The Porteous Cup (Senior) was awarded jointly to Collyer and Russel for cross-country. The Whitall Cup for the best all round skier was awarded to Coolican. J. S. Pratt, Esq., coached the team.

J.S.P.



FIRST SKI TEAM

Back Row: L. COCHAND, W. LUBECKI, E. JENSVOLD, F. R. PATTISON, Esq., (Headmaster), P. COLLYER, P. ESMONDE-WHITE

Front Row: F. SIMMS, P. COOLICAN (Captain), P. RUSSELL.

Absent: J. S. PRATT, Esq. (Coach).

JUNIOR SKI TEAM

This year the team did not take part in the Sutherland Trophy Meet on March 3rd owing to the proximity of school exams. Nevertheless, a week-end was spent in the Laurentians, during which we had valuable lessons and practice, and good results were obtained in two races, one of which (a Laurentian Zone Juvenile Slalom

on February 9th) was won by Jensvold.

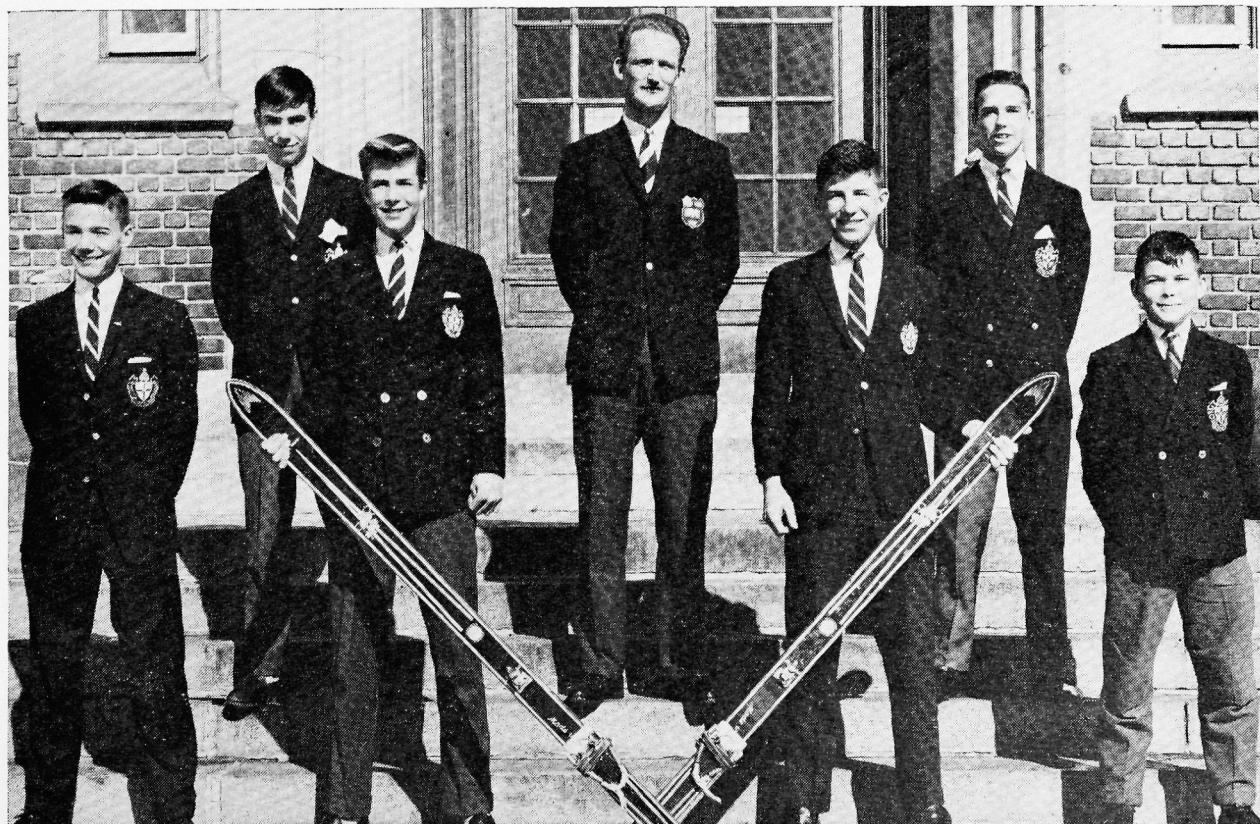
Both Jensvold and Esmonde-White II were consequently able to ski for the Senior VIII in the Triangle Meet, and when a First Team VI met the Junior VI at Hillcrest later in the term, the Seniors won by a mere .6 of a second on the total times.

J.F.

JUNIOR SKI TEAM

Back Row: W. WHITE, L. LL. FERRIS, Esq., P. ROLLAND.

Front Row: P. DOHENY, E. JENSVOLD (Captain), C. RONALDS, P. ESMONDE-WHITE.





FIRST CRICKET XI

Back Row: E. V. B. PILGRIM, P. COOLICAN, P. CRAWFORD, D. MCNEIL, J. LI. FERRIS, Esq., D. McLERNON, I. TAYLOR, F. R. PATTISON, Esq., HEADMASTER.

Middle Row: D. FOX, J. CLUBB, W. MITCHELL, C. McLERNON, S. KHAZZAM, D. ABBOTT, D. NANCEKIVELL.

Front Row: G. WANKLYN (Scorer), C. GIBB-CARSLEY.

CRICKET

This season's First Eleven has been the most successful for many years, with an unbeaten record and high scores in all matches. Much to everyone's surprise, the strongest opposition encountered was the Masters' XI — this game resulted in a draw, and with a few more overs of play might have been decided either way. The analysis of matches which follows gives the important details of each game. Especial mention must, however, be made of the two centuries by Khazzam, both against Ashbury College. A century in an inter-school match has not been recorded since 1933 (H. E. P. Wilson, 131 vs. Ashbury); for one player to collect two, both not out, in the same season is quite exceptional, and a welcome precedent. It may seem that the success of the team has depended

largely upon the ability of three excellent all-rounders, Khazzam, Mitchell, and the Captain, McLernon, whose bowling and batting averages have all been very high and remarkably close. The averages, however, do not show the standard of batting which was on occasions evident to the end of the order. The enthusiasm and ability of the junior members of the team, and the success of this year's Under Sixteen indicate that B.C.S. cricket will continue to flourish in the years to come.

1962 marked the retirement of Mr. E. B. Pilgrim from active coaching of the First XI. To him must go a large part of the credit for the great success and spirit of B.C.S. cricket since 1951, when he was first associated with the team.

FIRST XI MATCHES

Played 7, Won 6, Drawn 1

VERSUS BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, FRIDAY, APRIL 27TH.

B.S.C. — 195 (Mitchell 40, McLernon 38)

University — 77 (Mitchell 5 for 26)

Won by 118 runs.

VERSUS MONTREAL WANDERERS C.C., SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH.

Wanderers — 75 & 30 for 7 (McLernon 7 for 34, Khazzam, 5 for 30).

B.C.S. — 179 (Mitchell 56 not out, McLernon 41, Fox 39)

Won by 104 runs.

VERSUS ASHBURY COLLEGE AT HOME, SATURDAY, MAY 12TH.

Ashbury — 29 & 23 (Mitchell 11 for 16, McLernon 8 for 32)

B.C.S. — 247 (Khazzam 100 not out, Abbott 62 not out)

Won by an innings and 195 runs.

VERSUS MASTERS' XI, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16TH.

Masters' XI — 114 (Mr. Pilgrim 35; Mitchell 7 for 36)

B.C.S. — 100 for 8 (Mitchell 70)

Match Drawn.

VERSUS CHAIRMAN'S XI, SATURDAY, MAY 19TH.

Chairman's XI — 55 (Mitchell 3 for 21, McLernon 4 for 30)

B.C.S. — 91 for 1 (Mitchell 53 not out, Khazzam 24 not out)

Won by 9 wickets.

VERSUS MONTREAL ADASTRians C.C., MONDAY, MAY 21ST.

Adastrians — 82 (Scutt 30, Mitchell 3 for 29)

B.C.S. — 142 (Mitchell 47, McLernon 38)

Won by 6 wickets.

VERSUS ASHBURY COLLEGE AWAY, SATURDAY, MAY 26TH.

B.C.S. — 280 (Khazzam 103 not out, Mitchell 59)

Ashbury — 30 & 37 (McLernon 8 for 18, Khazzam 7 for 14, Mitchell 6 for 32)

Won by an innings and 213 runs.

AVERAGES

	Innings	Not Out	Total	Highest Score	Average
Batting;					
Mitchell	7	2	329	70	65.8
Khazzam	7	3	253	103 n.o.	63.25
McLernon I	6	0	151	41	25.2
Abbott	7	2	118	62 n.o.	23.6
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Bowling:					
Khazzam	39	13	108	22	4.90
Mitchell	87	16	193	39	4.94
McLernon	90	20	204	33	6.2

FIRST TEAM COLOURS

Abbott
Khazzam I
McLernon I
Mitchell

SECOND TEAM COLOURS

Clubb
Coolican
Crawford
Fox
McLernon II
McNeill
Nancekivell
Taylor



UNDER SIXTEEN CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: J. F. G. CLIFTON, Esq., R. WALTERS, M. PATRICK, R. HERMON, P. DOHENY.

Middle Row: D. ABDALLA, S. KHAZZAM, K. MOYLE (Joint Captain), G. MACDOUGALL (Joint Captain), C. GREEN, J. MORDELL, P. ANIDO.

Front Row: W. RICE (Scorer).

Absent: J. STEWART.

UNDER SIXTEEN MATCHES

VERSUS ASHBURY (HOME), MAY 12TH, WON.

B.C.S. — 118
(Anido 36, Khazzam 21,
Green 19)

Ashbury — 50 and 33
(Moyle 11 for 19,
Khazzam 7 for 40)

VERSUS ASHBURY (AWAY), MAY 26TH, WON.

B.C.S. — 88
(Walters 20, Moyle 16)

Ashbury — 39 and 42
(Moyle 7 for 14, Green 3 for 6,
Anido 4 for 30 and a hat-trick)

AVERAGES

BATTING:
Anido — 20.5
Walters — 20.0

BOWLING:
Moyle — 18 wickets for 33 runs
Stewart — 5 wickets for 9 runs

COLOURS

Moyle (Co-Captain); MacDougall (Co-Captain); Green; Anido; Khazzam; Abdalla.



NEW BOY CRICKET

Back Row: P. McCONNELL, M. CRUTCHLOW, E. RYAN, H. KENT, D. EVANS, D. BRANDWOOD, Esq.

Front Row: B. McMARTIN, K. COBBETT, R. FRASER, A. MacKAY (Captain), T. BAYLY (Assistant Captain), B. WALKER, R. WILKINSON.

SPECIAL AWARDS:

For a 'hat trick' in a School match — Anido II, the ball, inscribed, with which he did it, vs. Ashbury.

For scoring over 50 runs in a School match:

Bats to: W. Mitchell — 59 vs. Ashbury

D. Abbott — 62 not out vs. Ashbury

For centuries in School matches:

Bats to S: Khazzam, who scored

May 12th vs. Ashbury — 100 runs not out.

May 26th vs. Ashbury — 103 runs not out.

(These centuries are the first in First Eleven matches in more than 25 years. In 1933, H. E. P. Wilson scored 131 vs. Ashbury, and R. A. Kenny scored 101 vs. The Masters' team in 1934.)



TRACK TEAM

E.T. Interscholastic Champions

Back Row: R. BEDARD, Esq., D. BUCH, P. RUSSEL, J. STEVENSON, G. WALKER, F. SIMMS, G. BARKER, J. S. PRATT, Esq.

Third Row: R. ABRAHAMSON, R. ROWAT, W. BALLANTYNE, T. GLEN, G. TRAKAS (Assistant Captain), W. FROST (Captain), P. HUTCHINS (Assistant Captain), K. WILSON, C. KENNY, A. TUGWELL, D. BISSON.

Second Row: K. HENDRY, K. DYER, C. RAYMOND, C. POCOCK, C. GOODFELLOW, P. OLAND, P. FERTIG, D. SUTTON, C. FRASER, M. REILLEY, S. NEWTON.

Front Row: R. GRAHAM, E. ROBERTSON, R. BISHOP, E. RYAN, B. McMARTIN, P. ROLLAND, C. BLACKADER, D. MONTANO, P. FOWLER, C. FOX, P. CHURCH.

TRACK

This year the team was ably coached by Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bedard in the absence of Captain Abbott, whose teams had won the E. T. Track Meet for the last eight years. At first the squad looked very doubtful but the end results were extremely satisfactory. It was not until well into the afternoon of the day of The Eastern Townships Track Meet that the purple and white started pulling away from the other competitors. It was closer this year than it has been in previous years; however, we still had a safety margin of fourteen and one-half points over the closest rival, St. Francis High School from Richmond.

Individual stars were few but mention must be made of William Frost who broke the 880 record with a new time of 2:10.9, and Christopher Goodfellow who broke the 880 record in the Midget section. However, his newly made record was bettered by a Lennoxville boy in

the next heat.

The team brought back the Skinner Trophy, for the team high aggregate, the Charles Conners Trophy for the Midget high aggregate and the Maysenholder Trophy for the Junior high aggregate.

Although there was a short rainfall at the beginning of the day the standard of events was not affected. However, the weather cleared and it turned out to be a successful meet. There were two disappointments in final heats when in the juvenile and mile medley relays our runners were disqualified while in the lead, because of improper passing and running.

Thanks are owed to Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bedard, whose combined efforts produced a well balanced team. The team was captained this year by William Frost, assisted by George Trakas and Peter Hutchins.

M. BELLM, (Form VA-I)

ATHLETIC PRIZE LIST, 1962

OPEN EVENTS

SHOT PUT.....	1. R. Abrahamson	2. D. McLernon
DISCUS.....	1. R. Abrahamson	2. K. Hendry
POLE VAULT (New School Record—9' 8 1/4").....	1. K. Hendry	2. G. Trakas
440 YARDS—(The Senator White Challenge Cup).....	1. W. Ballantyne	2. T. Glen
HALF MILE—(The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. T. Tugwell	2. D. Bisson
MILE RUN—(The Kaulbach Medal).....	1. C. Goodfellow	2. K. Dyer
THE CRICKET BALL THROW—(The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. S. Newton	2. D. Nancekivell

SENIOR EVENTS

100 YARDS—(The Balfour Cup).....	1. K. Wilson	2. G. Trakas
220 YARD—(The Molson Medal).....	1. K. Hendry	2. K. Wilson
HURDLES.....	1. D. McLERNON	2. G. Trakas
HIGH JUMP.....	1. K. Wilson	2. K. Hendry
BROAD JUMP—(The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. D. McLernon	2. P. Russel, K. Wilson

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

100 YARDS—(The Janner Challenge Trophy).....	1. C. Fraser	2. P. Fertig
220 YARDS.....	1. T. Glen	2. P. Fertig
HURDLES.....	1. C. McLernon	2. S. Newton
BROAD JUMP.....	1. T. Glen	2. P. Nixon
HIGH JUMP.....	1. T. Glen	2. C. Fraser

JUNIOR EVENTS

100 YARDS.....	1. C. Raymond	2. M. Patrick
220 YARDS.....	1. C. Raymond	2. M. Patrick
HURDLES.....	1. A. Curry	2. C. Raymond
HIGH JUMP.....	1. C. Goodfellow	2. M. Patrick
BROAD JUMP.....	1. C. Raymond	2. A. Curry

OTHER EVENTS

SENIOR TENNIS SINGLES.....	D. McLernon
SENIOR TENNIS DOUBLES.....	D. McLernon and W. Mitchell
JUNIOR TENNIS SINGLES.....	P. Goldberg
JUNIOR TENNIS DOUBLES.....	I. Taylor and P. Doheny
SENIOR SQUASH.....	D. McLernon
JUNIOR SQUASH.....	P. Castonguay
SHOOTING—(The McA'Nulty Cup).....	D. Abbott
FOOTBALL—(The Cleghorn Cup).....	C. Kenny
HOCKEY—(The Gerald M. Wigget Memorial Trophy).....	G. Trakas
SKIING—(The Senior Whittal Cup).....	P. Coolican
SKIING—(The Senior Porteous Cup for Cross Country).....	P. Collyer and P. Russel
SKIING—(The Junior Porteous Cup for Best Junior Skier).....	E. Jensvold
CRICKET—The Batting Average.....	W. Mitchell
CRICKET—The Bowling Average.....	S. Khazzam
SENIOR SISTERS' RACE.....	1. J. Bradley
JUNIOR SISTERS' RACE.....	1. J. MacDonald
OLD BOYS' RACE.....	1. J. McLernon
THREE LEGGED RACE.....	1. J. McNeill and P. Russel
SENIOR HOUSE RELAY—(The Tuckshop Cup).....	1. Chapman House
JUNIOR DORMITORY RELAY—(The Tuckshop Cup).....	"G" Dormitory

PREPARATORY SCHOOL EVENTS

100 YARDS—(The Challenge Cup).....	1. T. Wood	2. B. Pelletier, E. Shoiry
220 YARDS—(The Price Challenge Cup).....	1. E. Shoiry	2. T. Wood
50 YARDS UNDER 13.....	1. T. Wood	2. E. Shoiry
50 YARDS UNDER 12.....	1. I. Robertson	2. A. Gault
50 YARDS UNDER 11.....	1. C. Fox	2. T. Pilgrim
HURDLES.....	1. T. Wood	2. R. Robertson
HIGH JUMP.....	1. T. Wood	2. S. O'Brien
BROAD JUMP.....	1. E. Shoiry	2. B. Eddy
DISCUS.....	1. T. Wood	2. S. O'Brien
SHOT PUT.....	1. T. Wood	2. D. Harpur
CRICKET BALL THROW.....	1. D. Vickers	2. R. Robertson
THREE LEGGED RACE.....	1. D. Harpur and D. Brickenden	
CRICKET—The Bowling Average.....	E. Shoiry	
The Batting Average.....	E. Shoiry	
BOXING—The Prep Championship (The Stoker Cup).....	S. O'Brien	
Middleweight..... N. Paterson	Flyweight.....	T. Bradley
Bantamweight..... D. Walker	Paperweight.....	B. Abdalla
Trophy for the most improved boxer.....		S. O'Brien
SKIING—(The Junior Whittal Cup).....	L. Veillen	

TROPHIES

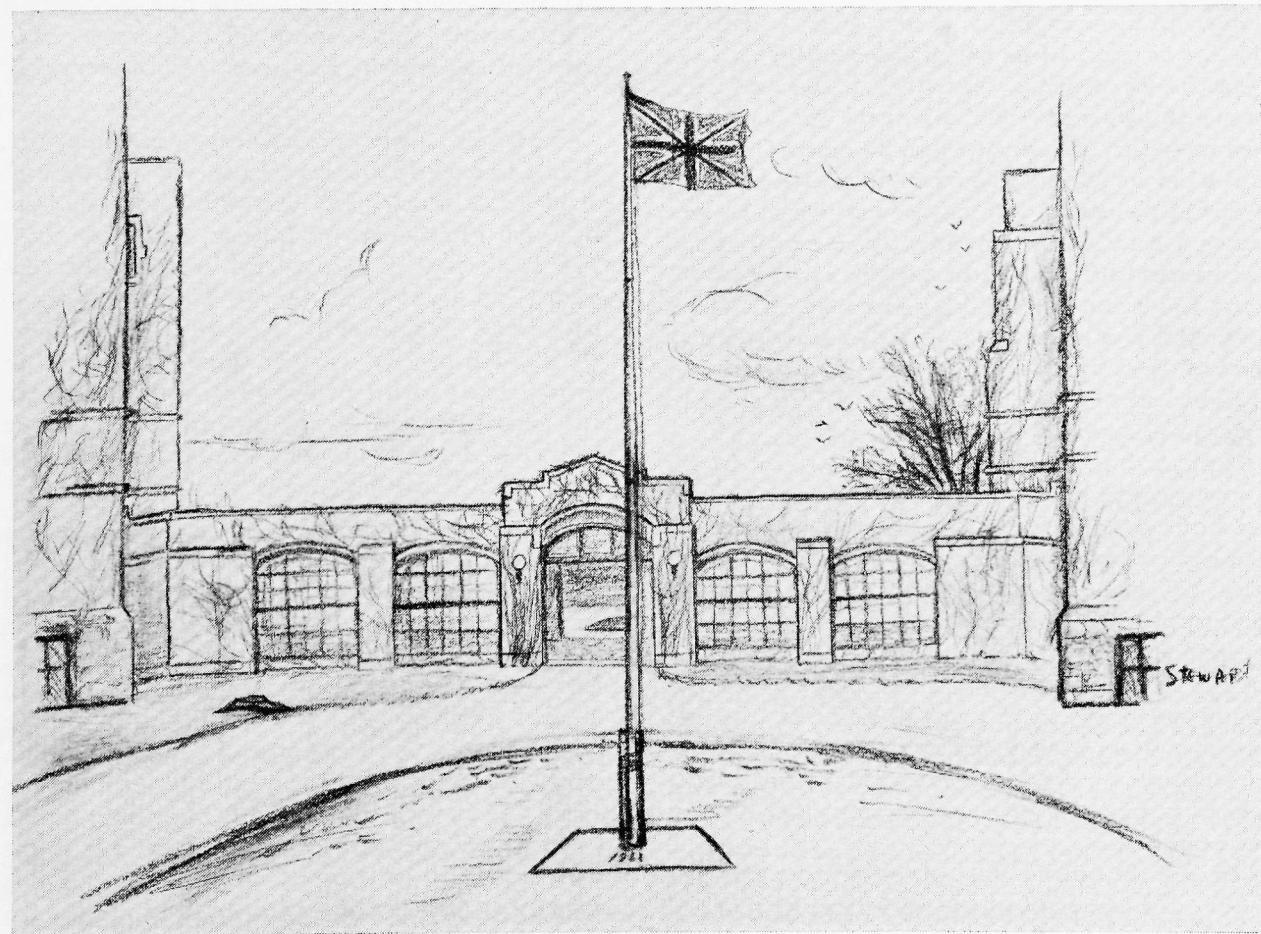
RANKIN TROPHY—(Upper School Track and Field Championship).....	D. McLernon
SPORTSMANSHIP TROPHY—(Preparatory School).....	E. Shoiry

ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIPS

PREPARATORY SCHOOL—(The Richardson Cup).....	E. Shoiry
JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—(The R.M.C. Cup).....	K. Dyer
INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP—(The Martin Cup).....	W. Mitchell
SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—(The Smith Cup and Fortune Medal).....	D. McLernon



THE OPEN BOOK



SNAKE IN THE GRASS

(*The Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing*)

Preface

Sir Thomas Malory records that King Arthur's final battle commenced accidentally when, during truce talks, a certain knight drew his sword to kill a snake that had bitten him. His action was misconstrued as the opening of hostilities, and battle was joined. . .

— o —

The morning was cool, but the polished golden glow that was beginning to wash the mist from the low-lying fields gave a heat that promised a day more like June than early April. It was the morning after Trinity Sunday, and the nights of the last week had been cold enough to warrant a fire, even though the wood cut for the winter was running out.

An ox-cart was grinding over a track through the fields toward a wood on the coast, not far away. The driver had an axe on the seat beside him, to cut the wood for his fireplace. Made out of hewn timber, and not geometrically accurate, the wheels of the cart were mounted slightly off centre, so that the cart hunched itself up first on one side, and then the other. This undulation did not jolt the driver from his reverie; he merely followed the motion with his body as though he were riding a horse, for long years of driving the cart had accustomed him to it. The cart slid down an eroded bank for a few inches, and the driver was suddenly aroused. A small shower of dirt ran down the verge as the bullock heaved the cart back on to the road. While the farmer sank back into his automatic swaying, the cart grumbled and squeaked away down the track.

Some of the dirt dislodged by the cart fell by the entrance to the hole of a small snake, as he was getting up for the day. The hole was small and slightly cramped, but comfortably furnished and tastefully decorated. The same description fitted its owner. He was a slightly undersized specimen of the "adder" class, past the energy of his youth, but not yet burdened by the paunch and fatigue of middle age. A teacher by trade, he was presently unemployed, since his egg-sucking class, composed mainly of stoats, had just graduated. He was planning, as he sat over his coffee, his approach to the headmaster of a monastic school, one who had advertised for an expert on original sin.

He was not entirely unsuited to the upper class. His family, with many others, had immigrated from Ireland in the days of Saint Patrick. His father had been a rather dissolute old fellow, living on a country estate, gradually wasting the family inheritance, and from him he had learned that he was of noble blood. In fact, this young snake, living humbly in the South of England, was actually

an Irish Peer. He carried a great deal of his nationality with him in his temperament. If he had hair, it would have been red. His shoulder, if he had one, would have carried an Irish chip. He spoke with a faint Cletic intonation, learned from his father.

— o —

Later that day, when the sun had been making itself felt for some time, and the grass, still a fresh colour of spring green, had long been dried of any moisture left by the night, a great many men could be seen on either side of the track, in two long lines. Cries could be heard clearly from both sides, but they were not cries of anger or pain, although they betrayed a slight nervousness. They were orders being shouted, for the men were still being formed up. Gradually the lines changed, shifted, and finally, showed a pattern of order. The cries stopped. Bright flags flapped from lances, and scarlet insignia stood out clearly against the background of buff and bright steel.

The farmer, driving back out of the wood in his cart, slightly more lively after his exercise, and with the back of his crude wagon piled high with cordwood, gazed right and left with his jaw hanging down on his chest. The implications of this spectacular array of troops filtered into his mind, one by one. There was going to be a battle. Where? Why, between them, of course. He smiled at his own wit. The battle was going to be between the two armies. But where was between the two armies? His smile slowly disappeared. Why, where he was, of course. With swift decision he prodded his emaciated ox into as much life as was possible for it.

Although an ox running at full speed and dragging a heavy wagon is not very fast, it is faster than the speed at which the wagon was designed to operate. It hunched from side to side in a frantic galloping motion given to it by its offset wheels. It swerved from one side of the road to the other as the hysterical beast rattled between its poles. Combatting the wild antics of his vehicle, the driver achieved the intent stare of a racing driver, as, canted forward, he drove the gauntlet between the two armies. He narrowly missed a party of brightly dressed noblemen and knights, and slewed off the side of the road, spraying them with cut logs. After pulling long and hard at the reins, he aligned the bones of the ox in the right direction, and it heaved its burden back on to the road. One of the wheels, crude, massive, and misshaped, sank deep into the dirt at the edge; the cart hesitated, groaned, and then resumed its palsied motion along the track.

The snake was furious. His home was ruined; his visit to the monastery had been fruitless, and when he had returned, feeling lower than a snake's belly, he had scarcely sat down when the ceiling fell in. He had barely avoided being crushed. Now, when he emerged, what he saw was a party of silly Englishmen dressed in armour, helpless with laughter, looking after a dim apparition disappearing behind a cloud of dust.

There was not much, really, that he could do, but he was insane with Irish wrath. Cursing violently in Celtic, he slipped into a clump of heather to wait until one of the Limeys wandered away from the rest. Then, he told himself, he would tear him limb from limb.

At that moment the serpent tormentors had just finished sitting through a peace conference with all its attendant wind. It had been successful; there would be no fight that day, in spite of an outbreak of table-banging in which one man had narrowly missed the other's knuckles with his hobnailed sandal.

The men in the special guards were understandably relieved. The first muted words grew to hilarious conversation, and a wine bottle, looted from France, appeared

as if from nowhere. A man stood up, directly over the adder's bush, to reach for it. This knight was primarily a fighting man, and so he had not put very much effort into improving his manners. When he drank he dribbled, and now, he drank deep. The snake caught the wine right in the eye. This, he thought, was the last straw; I've taken all I'll ever take from these churls. Blinded with rage and stinging alcohol, he struck out, and sank his one good tooth (the other was gold) into the man's great toe.

The knight dropped the bottle from his lips and grabbed at his sword. He was ready to strike when the groan from all the thirsty men around him stopped him by its anguish, and when he recovered himself the adder, streaming foul oaths, had disappeared.

The next thing the snake knew, while he was wiping his eyes clear, there were hundreds and hundreds of men running all over the place and clanging their swords. Englishmen were being killed by scores all around him.

"Serves them right," said the snake, and crawled under a rock.

D. MONK, (Form VII)

LEADERSHIP

(*The Warren Hale Essay Prize*)

Certain individuals possess a quality or qualities known collectively as leadership, though exactly what this term incorporates is difficult to determine. However, some characteristics may be gathered from various sources, which, it would seem, are requisites for leadership. All the aspects of leadership cannot be encompassed in one short statement; we must not try to over-simplify the idea. To be as accurate as possible in our conclusions, we must study the forms of leadership in several fields, that we may discover the qualities which produce leadership, and perhaps find some common denominator.

No essay on this subject would be complete without an analysis of military leadership; for it is not by accident that capable officers are produced. Qualities which enable one man to lead many are absolutely necessary for a fighting force.

Leadership is clearly defined by The Canadian Armed Forces, as "the ability to influence people toward the achievement of a desired goal." Viscount Montgomery, former commander of the Eighth Army, outlined his essentials for leadership as (1) Decision in Action, and (2) Calmness in Crisis. From a purely military point of

view, these are no doubt of paramount importance; however, for everyday life, a list of the requisites should include other obvious facts of leadership, such as aggressiveness, originality, and tact. Another military source, the Institution of Aviation Medicine, lists the ten most common traits of great leaders, including among them judgment, co-operativeness, humour, sociability, and popularity. While it does not follow that all of these are necessarily requisites, we shall probably find some of them embodied in the types of leaders discussed. It is upon this definition and these essential qualities, that the training of officers is based; thus some of these attributes must be valid requirements for leadership.

In the savage races, a leader needed complete authority and command, in order to retain his position as headman. This could be achieved only by brute force, and maintained by trickery or by constant threat of reprisal. This was necessary, for if it became evident that the leader was no longer supreme, another faction would arise. If the leader could not subjugate it, he was deposed. This kind of leadership is not considered true leadership, in our society. By the same reasoning, a man who forcibly

exerts his influence upon an unwilling people, who is in other words a dictator, is not a true leader. As expressed by the Marquis of Laureys, "To be a leader is not to rise above others, but to rise above oneself.

A monthly Letter published by the Royal Bank of Canada, in 1957, dealt in detail with leadership in the business world. In this were stated the salient characteristics which mark a leader — initiative, individual craftsmanship, sensibility and insight, and energy. When compared with the common attributes as listed above by the Institute of Aviation, these definitions may seem to be quite different. In reality however, they may be seen as an extension of the previous definition of the requirements for leadership; the products of a mature mind, a stable character, and a happy faculty of communicating and living with others. The letter also outlined four basic principles as being generally agreed upon as necessary for leadership. A leader must "be sincere in his beliefs," must "have the force of character to inspire others with confidence," must have the ability to get work done by others, and he must tread the narrow path between dictating in detail what is to be done and allowing his subordinates too much freedom of action. This theory seems to be fairly comprehensive. It considers the leader's methods of carrying out his plans, as well as the principles upon which he acts. Again this shows the need for a leader to have stability, and to be able to work and co-operate with his assistants and colleagues.

In choosing examples of men who have displayed qualities of leadership, it is common to cite outstanding statesmen such as Abraham Lincoln and Sir Winston Churchill, to the exclusion of other leaders who were also competent and well known, but whom we consider are the villains of history. It is necessary, however to point out that all leadership does not have to be morally good, and beneficial to the world. The classic example of this is Adolph Hitler. He did not become the leader of his people in the 1930's by ruthless force, as is often

supposed. He was a stirring orator, with a sincere belief in his plan of Nazism, inspiring for a time at least, confidence and respect in his subordinates. Are not these characteristics of leadership? Was it for an overbearing tyrant that thousands paraded in the streets in enthusiastic approval of his remedy for German economic problems? It is true that Hitler possessed an unbalanced mind, with a fanatical belief in his plans and racial ideas, leading to the death of six million Jews. It is also true that he soon assumed the personality which all omnipotent leaders in time assume — a sense of autocratic superiority and intolerance of opposition, which leads to a totalitarian state, and the development of a dictator. However, it remains true that Hitler rose to power through the possession of qualities of leadership, more readily associated with the commendable examples.

It will be evident from the variety of examples which we have studied, that leadership cannot be put into a cut-and-dried form, for "no bare enumeration of traits can do justice to the power of insight which flashes to the surface of a leader's mind in the face of problems." However some conclusions may be drawn.

First, that a leader must have a power for quick decision, such as outlined by Viscount Montgomery, and possess a mature mind to make that decision.

Secondly, he must have endurance to persevere in a task, for only in this way can he implement his plans.

Thirdly, he must understand and co-operate with his fellow man, in order to ensure the smooth running of his plans, and that others may follow his example.

Lastly, we must recognize that a leader whom we may consider an oppressive tyrant, another "villain of history", may in fact instil in his followers a faith, such as that found in Communism, which they will believe, and trust, and cling to, even should the leader himself be removed. This is a fact which must be remembered by the leaders of the democracies of the West, in the present struggle for power.

D. PATRIQUIN, (Form V A I)

TIME

I sit,
And like the sparrow on the knotty fence
I pass the hours and let life drift on by;
Before my eyes the leaves soon change and die;
The rabbit sheds his coat to don the white;
The birds fly south as instinct bids their flight;
And I just sit, completely unperturbed.
With me will die the embers of the earth,
The days, the hours, will seem as but a myth
The years a threshold to forgotten dreams,
But now I summon each most precious hour. . .
On me depend the minutes, centuries, eternity,
For now the call is time, and I am time.

B. CARTER, (Form V)

BERLIN GUARD

The rain drummed steadily on the steel helmet. The soldier on the city street was sodden through — in spite of his great-coat, he was sodden through and the damp cold no longer bothered him. His face was expressionless as he stood by the dilapidated store lost in his own thoughts. The glass window had been smashed out and cardboard was tacked across the cavity; a rent in the cardboard sagged back into the building. The soldier glanced in; on the cement floor were several broken jars of raisins and a newspaper lay damp and torn. The cardboard was dark in colour from soaking. The door to the store was set in from the street and the grey-uniformed soldier stepped back out of the drizzle; his boots scraped and his submachine gun clinked slightly and these small sounds were near and private in the constant hum of the rain. The soldier stared at the wet sidewalk where the concrete had chipped and cracked away like slate; rivulets of water trickled in the unevenness of the surface. A tiny white feather swirled slowly by in the catching eddies of a stream; the soldier followed it with his eyes. He noticed a drop oozing from the old mortar between the bricks in the entrance. He snubbed it with a finger and stepped out again. The rain resumed its soft drumming on his steel helmet and he shivered a little as water slipped down his cheek. The soldier raised his eyes to the rim of his helmet and watched expectantly as burdened drops gathered and fell.

Down the street, the buildings stood mutely in the grey afternoon — bricked and boarded up. Lamp posts rose at intervals on the sidewalk, naked and hard and coldly metallic. The pavement lay glistening and liquid. Across the street, a long cinder-block wall stretched down the road. The soldier watched the raindrops exploding upon it as they struck. Barb-wire traced a thin, treacherous line along the top. Mist sifted close over



the roof of the city. The lonely soldier moved a little, feeling the cold metal of his weapon under his coat.

An East German military vehicle turned out on to the road; water splashed up from under the heavy tires; the truck rumbled past the soldier. He saw it disappear around a corner into a side street and he wondered when his watch would end.

J. STEWART, (Form V)

WINDOWS

Windows are, and always have been, one of man's greatest instruments for self-torture. When the first savage tribesman carved a hole in the side of his mud hut, he probably thought to himself: "Aha! now I shall be able to make my voodoo dolls in the privacy of my hut, rather than having to drag out the dirty family linen every time I want to throw a curse on some hut." Although he was successful in letting enough light into his mud hut for him to stick pins into his dolls, he also let in the cold, the wind, the rain, the sleet, and probably an emaciated sabre-tooth tiger or so. Little did he know that was to bind men to panes of glass for ages to come.

The situation has developed to such an extent that little can be done to stamp out windows. Still, we must not be discouraged. If we cannot eliminate them, at least we can bring them into subjection.

Our first step in this direction must be to recognize our foe, for windows are not only found in walls. Clocks, which appear to run fast or slow proportionally to the amount of trouble they can cause by doing so, are covered by windows. There are windows over television sets, which receive childish but hypnotic programs that compel us to watch them while our minds turn into stagnant bogs of slushy sediment behind our very eyes, and the

refreshing rivulets of invigorating writing burble by untasted. The mirrors which contort our handsome faces so that the nose looks crooked or the mouth too large, are really only another type of window.

Even having recognized the enemy, our task is not easy. I have been unable to solve one of the most basic problems inherent in the window; the fact that it lets things which you want out, in, and things that you want in, out. As an example, we have all seen how a window will even go so far as to break itself, just let a ball which you want outside inside. Little scenes which you may want to keep to yourself, heat, cold, noise, and light all go in, out or stay where they are in opposition to your wishes.

If I have failed here, however, I am triumphant in another field. I have solved the problem of opening the common, ordinary glass window. As you may know, windows have no subtlety. Any fool can see right through them. As you must know, they generally stick when you try to open them. It is possible, however, to catch a window unawares. Since they are so lacking in finesse, the most obvious disguises can be used to advantage in approaching a window. I have used two with moderate success.

My first disguise is the potted plant. This is effective, as, if the window is locked, you can unlock it with your boughs without appearing conspicuous. Nevertheless, there is one uncertain factor. The window may become suspicious if it sees a pair of beady eyes peering through the foliage. Of course, the real secret of this disguise lies in thinking like a tree. Once this is mastered, success is assured.

My second idea is to pose as a television set. Naturally you must remove the glass from the television set beforehand. Encased thus, you can stare directly at the window without eliciting a glimmer of suspicion. You can even hum quietly. The great danger here is that someone may come along and turn you off. This risk must be accepted for the sake of the cause. The disguise looks odd sprouting arms, however, and a locked window cannot be unlocked without disclosing your intentions prematurely. When you have gained the window's confidence, of course, you leap out of your disguise and throw the window up.

You probably noticed that my investigation is by no means complete. Thus, until I have finished my research, my only suggestion is that people who live in glass houses should move. Windows give me a pane.

I. WEIR, (Form V A 1)

SUCCESS STORY

Even in the midst of my fury, I felt with an odd sort of clinical detachment the sensations running through my hands. The old professor's skin was dry, but somehow cold and clammy at the same time, and I could feel a feeble pulse in his neck as I squeezed it. The neck itself was tough and stringy, but was covered by a soft, flabby skin that made no pretense of fitting what was underneath it. I felt, rather than heard, the gurgle in his throat. I am subject to sudden attacks of fanatical rage, and this gurgle put me into one of them. The room took on a purple tinge as I lifted the wizened little old man off the floor, my hands still around his neck, and jerked him back and forth. Something cracked, or perhaps it popped. When I think of it, all I remember is the shock running through my hands. It was his neck. I dropped him to the ground.

My sense of balance deserted me, and I sat down with the little basement laboratory quivering around me as though the place had become a blast-furnace and the air was alive with heat. I cannot contradict the possible truth of my idea, since I am not endowed with the ability to feel uncomfortable, but if it did warm up in the laboratory, it soon cooled down again. I found myself

staring at a glass faced shelf lined with empty test tubes in wooden racks. Covered in a thin layer of dust, and reflecting with a slightly grey tone the warm, dim light of the old, cast iron reading lamp on the work bench, they epitomized the appearance of the little basement room, and the foolish little man who had made it his life. In the same light, for it was the only one in the laboratory, row upon row of brown bottles containing an amazing assortment of exotic chemicals, and ingeniously complicated, interconnected glass apparatus gleamed softly under a haze of dust.

Suddenly I grew angry with this silly little man who had wasted his life in his precious little laboratory. The purple tinge returned as I leaped to my feet and drove my fist through the brick wall. I tore a bigger hole in the wall and crawled out of the room which had held me imprisoned for so long. I clawed my way up through the soft earth to the cold night air. He really had been a foolish little man, you know, very foolish. Only someone very foolish would play Doctor Jekyll with somebody's else's brain without making the slightest attempt to protect himself from the super-human Mr. Hyde he hoped to create.

I. WEIR, (Form V A 1)

A LITTLE OLD LADY CALLED MARLOWE

My name's Will Shakespeare, and I just gotta tell somebody about this crazy thing that's happened to me. It all started when this nut comes up to me and asks me can I spell my name. This guy was all dressed up in a black cloak and dark eyeglasses, so naturally I thought he was straight out of the looney bin, but I didn't like the look of this jewelled dagger he's cleaning his nails with, so I say to him very politely, "Yeah. Kindly turn green and disappear."

"Look, fella," he says, "don't take it so rough. I got a proposition to make, see?"

He was a fat, greasy little guy, who looked like he should be running a used carriage lot, and I didn't trust him any farther than I could throw him — which wasn't very far, because some jackass had wrecked my arm up by breaking the top off an ale bottle on it last night in Feeny's bar and grill, where we were sitting now. But if there's anything I was interested in just then it was a pleasantly profitable proposition, so I said, "Okay. Spill it."

"Well," says this fat little guy, "there's this nice little old lady called Marlowe who's a school teacher from Aldershot, and she likes writing plays . . ."

"Yeah, sure. Let's just skip the scenery and get to the happy ending, huh?"

"Okay, okay. Don't get your ruff in a knot. Now like I was saying, this little old lady don't like publicity, see? So she wants somebody to sign her plays for her. For a consideration, of course."

Now this was starting to interest me. It might be some kind of a racket, and I still thought this guy was a nut — after all, who goes around in a black cloak and dark glasses these days? It looks too suspicious — but I needed the dough, so I decided to play along. "I love signing things," I said.

"In this pub at three tomorrow," he told me.

I showed up the next day because I wanted the money. I thought he might be some bad dream I got from eating



too many lamprey and peanut butter sandwiches before bed, but he was there all right. He hands me this manuscript to sign, which I did. Then he tells me that if my mouth gets too big he'll fill it with water in the Thames, gives me the dough, and walks out.

This happens all the time for years. But there's something screwy about it, and it keeps bugging me, so one night in the bar, I try to tell Jack Feeny, who owns the place, what's going on. Right in the middle of it, this fat little creep appears out of nowhere and hauls me off to this desert island. I think they cooked up some story about me being dead. If anybody finds the bottle with this note in it, you gotta get me off. There's this creepy little nut here who's always mumbling under his breath about third class magicians and union rates, and he has some kind of airy fairy for a friend, who keeps sneaking up on me and belching blue and white sparks down my neck. They're driving me up the wall.

I. WEIR, (Form V A 1)

RAIN

His face became streaked and the trickles of dirt criss-crossed each other, making weird highways of clean skin with borders of grime. It fell on his hat and seeped through the numerous age-worn holes. The rim acted as a gutter that, when filled, overflowed and trickled easily down between the ragged clothes that hung limply around the frail form. Down his legs it went, taking his morale

with it, until his worn and toeless shoes became sodden with heaven's cleanser. The refugee walked away from his tormentors and wished that men's hate could be erased as easily as the dirt on his face, but then he knew that there would always be the dirty borders left. He was a war refugee. It was raining.

C. GREEN, (Form IV)

POEMS

R. MACDONALD, (Form VII)

LIFE

The child at birth is filled with pleasant bliss
And innocence, and love, and happiness.
The parent smiles in tearful joyousness
Bestowing yet another happy kiss.
What is it then in life that now we miss?
Where's love, where's beauty in their rightful sense?
The thorns of knowledge pierce our innocence
And make us know ourselves and lose our bliss.
The child was free, the man is bound in chains.
As knowledge stumbles, innocence does die.
The clouds now trap the sun and bring dark rains,
And hate-filled laughter mocks true love and joy.
The child's inheritance is nought but pains.
The life he hopes for always is a lie.

RUMOUR

He is afraid; the doubting air is seen
To form upon his features. You are lean,
False Rumour, evil pestilence so strong;
Away! Begone!

Your idle gossip fathered disbelief.
Your swiftness caused his sadness and his grief.
God knows what wild intrigues his friends have spread.

Your children are Hypocrisy and Hate.
And Doubt is yours, and Fear your willing mate.
Begone, damned canker, hungry swelling sore,
And feed no more!

SICKNESS

Hell's whirlpool, torture of the mind. In life
We selfish, lying mortals cause your sea.
Who comprehends your swirling, surging strife,
O fearful father of insanity?
Contentions rise and foam, engulf the brain.
We fight to vanquish jealousy, conceit,
Hypocrisy and hate try to restrain,
But Mars and Janus still refuse retreat.
Death's messenger ne'er moans the mournful cry
To call a calmed whirlpool to its grave
And give new life to one who wants to die,
Till men unite to help the weary slave.
No man alone can stand the whirlpool's hell,
But power of friendship breaks its maddening spell.

WRITTEN IN ANGER AND DEJECTION

Unbearable frustration kills desire
To live, to play, to work, to have command.
Superiors still hold us in their hand.
They use authority to quench our fire,
And tie our hands with burning, rasping wire.
Wherever there is freedom, there they stand
To block all pleasant paths with stern command.
O God, why are we drowning in this mire?
Caprice on velvet carpeting now strolls,
Hypocrisy has Pure Speech in her grasp,
And Prejudice and Hatred strangle Proof,
While Liberty is scorched on burning coals,
And Justice struggles for a final gasp.
Yet lords stride unmolested and aloof.

THE THAW

Spring is here. The streams of crystal clear water are
already running downhill from the soft melting whiteness
of the snow.

The mountains in the distance seem to take on a glow
that flows and spreads smoothly into the mind, leaving a
feeling of quiet pleasure. Among the trees of the forest,
the shadows caused by the dazzling sun give impressions
of infinite pools of darkness which hide new and unseen
valleys of pleasure and happiness.

At times it seems that only the birds realize the beauty
of spring; only they flit and flirt with their prospective
mates, chirping and singing wildly and with a beauty
that seems to jump with the alertness of static electricity.

The young children in the streets appreciate spring,
not for its beauty, but for the life and vitality the shining
sun seems to give them. After the long sometimes dreary
winter with its howling and unmerciful winds the thaw
of spring opens new doors and brings to the young and

the wild a whole new life.

Perhaps the impression of the thaw is wrong, perhaps
the grinding and crunching of the ice on the rivers
resembles the grinding and crunching of human life as
it struggles vainly along, fighting for the easiest valley
through which to pass. The darkness of the shadows is
perhaps the darkness of the pits by the wayside into
which great numbers of people fall. Perhaps the moun-
tains in the distance are only the heights which can never
be reached, and the whole seeming pleasure of beauty is
but the dullness and ungratefulness which the mature
mind smooths into something which must be unnoticeable.

In any case we can at least be glad that the birds and
animals may enjoy the thaw. And yes, the children too
may enjoy the spring thaw. But this cannot last for long,
for they too will mature and perhaps never see the
thaw again.

G. BUSH, (Form V B)

THE CHAIRLIFT

It was a biting cold, windy day in Adelberg, a small village high in the Swiss Alps. The sun had not been shining that day, but David Williams had felt the skiing much too good for him to stay at home, playing chess, and having a few drinks. It was about six o'clock and starting to get dark when David made his way down the twisty Wallenberg trail, to end the day. The lift had stopped as he was on his way down, and he was content that the day was over. He was already looking forward to having a date with Maria at eight o'clock. Maria was a young attractive girl who had lived in Adelberg all her life.

He made his way to the bottom, and thought he could see the form of a man down by the lift. He was right. It was Nick Halsen, a young roughneck from town, equipped with skis. The end of the day was not going to be so pleasant after all, thought David.

"What are you doing here at this time?" said David.
"It's dark, and the tow has stopped."

"I came to see you, Williams," said the other man.

"Oh really? What for?"

"Just thought you might want to have a run down the Piste with me."

"Well, it's much too late now; besides the lift has stopped."

"That's all right. I got the key from the old man, and it is still light enough to see the moguls."

"Yes, but not light enough to be entirely safe," said David.

"All right, I'll challenge you to a race down the Piste. That will be just one more run, or are you too scared?"

"No, I'm not afraid. I don't want to do any more skiing. Besides, I have a date with Maria at eight."

"Williams, I didn't come all the way out here just to race you tomorrow. I want to race now, and you're afraid to!"

"All right I'll go, but hurry," said David.

"Here's the key; get the lift going, and I'll meet you at the top," shouted Halsen as he went over to the first chair.

David picked up the keys and walked over to the shack. With a deafening roar he started the engine, pushed the lever to the floor, and watched the big, heavy chairs start moving. He walked out of the shack and put his skis on again. Tightening his lanyards, he walked over to the lift gate. A chair pivoted around the pillar and

David stepped into place.

It wasn't long before he started climbing into the air. He closed the safety bar and settled back for the long ride. It was extremely cold and David instinctively tightened his jacket. Halsen could have been more considerate and gone up the lift with him, thought David.

He had been in Europe for a month, taking a vacation after graduating from college in America. He had done much skiing in the States, and had been skiing in Europe before. He knew Halsen had lived in Adelberg all his life, but David knew he could match any performance he could do. David had disliked Halsen from the start. Halsen was not very popular, and had been trying to goad him to race for days, always wanting to see who was better.

David realized the Piste was extremely difficult, and in these conditions it would be treacherous. He started mapping out his strategy. He had had a terrific argument with Halsen two days before. Halsen was very fond of Maria and extremely jealous of the way Williams had got so friendly lately.

He was passing over the huge gorge. This was the highest point on the lift. The valley was so far below, that there was only one pillar at the entrance of the gorge, and one at the end, supporting the cable. David could hardly make out the trail far below him. It was getting darker, and the wind was blowing so strongly that the chair was swaying from side to side. It was extremely cold, about fifteen below. David started regretting he had come up. He felt alone. It was dark, windy, cold and David was high up. It was a loneliness he had never sensed before. David shivered, and tried to look far ahead. He could not make out the other side of the gorge. He was in the middle now, about a quarter of a mile from each lift turret.

The continual whine of the cable, overhead, which he had become accustomed to, died down. The chair slowed down and stopped. The wind was howling, the chair swinging in the wind. He was three hundred feet up. David wondered what could have gone wrong with the lift. Then it struck him. His heart stopped beating. He could clearly see his breath in the biting cold.

David knew there was a safety line at the top, that could stop the lift. Nick was at the top, waiting. He knew what pulling that wire would do. He knew the tow very well, knew where the gorge was. . .

THE PHOTOS

In a train station, in a strange city, during a stop over, you walk aimlessly down the concourse, gazing into the well-lit windows at pictures of the towering Rockies and serene, blue lakes. As you wander on, you see it, a machine advertising that it will produce three graven images of yourself in two and a half minutes. Looking at the sample photos behind the glass, you wonder what sort of idiot would allow his picture to be there. There are embracing couples and faces with wide, toothy smiles staring out at you.

You explore further the outside of the booth, not stopping to think what you are doing or why. On the side there is a metal square from which a green lense protrudes. The sign reads, "PICTURES TAKEN WHEN GREEN LIGHT IS ON," and so it is. Peering through the velvety curtains, you see the bright interior. The mysterious darkness behind the glass baffles you, as you search in vain for anything resembling the common camera. Directions printed in red tell how to adjust seat, where eye level should be, where to deposit your money, and how much. You become as a little child with a broken clock, fingering it, trying uselessly to find out how it works. Suddenly you notice something terribly amiss. Inside the booth there is another sign saying, "PICTURES TAKEN WHEN GREEN LIGHT IS ON." But the green light is not on, and you wonder why it isn't.

Motivated by some unearthly force, you dash outside

to the mirror to comb your hair and straighten your tie. You must find out if your picture can be taken when the little green light is not on. You are being dragged into the booth by that infernal machine.

After adjusting the whirling seat to get your eye level correct, you dig into your pocket for a quarter. Down it goes, into the hungry slot with a series of clickings, and the little green light goes on! Then from within the profound darkness a red spot flashes, and you are nearly blinded by white lights that seem to be everywhere. You squirm uneasily as the process repeats itself twice. After each shot, you worry about whether or not you blinked your eyes.

Following this orgasm of flashing lights, you step outside and glance at the slot where your pictures are to appear in two and a half minutes. Inside you hear clicking, buzzing, and sloshing. Looking around, you notice that you have quite an audience of interested onlookers seated on the long, wooden benches. The clicking continues and you nervously light a cigarette, peaking at the amused commuters. At last they come out into the wire holder, three sodden images of yourself. You quickly conceal them in your pocket, grab your baggage, and run to your waiting train, somewhat ashamed of being hoodwinked by that foul machine and too embarrassed to look back at those staring commuters.

H. BRUMELL, (Form V A 1)

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Slowly his senses were returning. He became well aware of the blazing pain that raced up his spine and stabbed his brain. It was then he discovered that he was unable to move a muscle.

Just ahead of him came the steady hum of a tank making its way through the dense wood. He was alone and powerless to do anything. Where was everyone? Why was it so quiet? He was vaguely conscious of other bodies around him, but no motion. He had been running with the others when a shell had burst a few yards from him.

He concentrated every bit of strength into his right hand, but it refused to budge. Then, directly ahead of him, the tank emerged from the woods. It rambled toward him, dripping mud from its heavy underbelly. There seemed to be no hope for escape as the soldier lay directly in its path. Perhaps they would have buried him alive anyway — this would be a much quicker way

to die. A thin streak of blood from his matted hair closed the last agonizing moment from his view.

— o —

He was home and it was all over — a dream of the past. The cool evening breeze brushed by him — this was peace. She had been waiting for him, just as he knew she would be, and the future lay waiting. The rich, blue sky and setting sun put the hell of war in another world.

He could remember the cold brown mud gushing up from the treads and pushing his face skyward. It passed and feeling returned to his pain-wrecked limbs. He recalled running and stumbling for miles until friendly arms reached out to him. He had made it and was going to live.

— o —

A young corporal turned his head and vomited at the sight of the mutilated corpse which was mashed into the tank rut, and then plodded wearily on.

P. Pidcock, (Form VII)

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

The wind whistled, whirled and whined — the moonlight flickered, flashed and fluttered — the air stabbed and stung. It was Christmas Eve. A taxi cab stood immobile at the corner of a busy intersection — it had done so all day. Inside the cab it was dark, gloomy and cold. The driver's head was in his hands; he had been crying. What a cruel, harsh world it was. All day, all day without a passenger; he could not go home without a gift for his son. He would not be able to endure that puzzled little melancholy face, or the childish dreams of perfect happiness behind it. Why did God put so much misery in the world?

A shadow was made by the reflection of the street light on the car seat. There was a tapping at the window. A face peered into the cab. Too good to be true, but it was true! He hurriedly opened the door; the passenger sat down. The cab moved from its grave into life. It sped down the boulevard as though it felt the meaning of its mission. It wound through the traffic fulfilling its duty.

"Twenty, Alymer Street, China Town."

"Cold night."

The passenger made no answer. Jim knew what this meant: no conversation. He put his mind to the road...

The car came to a stop; the passenger got out. Jim noticed his face for the first time. It resembled the work of a poor sculptor. Deep cracks wrinkled their way through the stiff, dry skin. His eyes were deeply set in his head; his cheek bones were rather high and from them his wrinkled skin hung. His face then narrowed to contain a regular, but toothless mouth. Jim guessed that he was in his early forties.

"That will be a dollar and eight cents."

The man reached into his pocket and pulled out a wallet, from which he drew a twenty dollar bill. He handed it to Jim.

"I've got no change."

"Merry Christmas!" came the reply.

"Thanks a lot; thanks . . . a lot." Jim's words of gratitude were spoken in vain; his benefactor was shuffling down the street and into an alley.

"Oh, thank you, God!"

A Merry Christmas for sure. He sat staring at the twenty dollar bill — he had forgotten what they looked like. Jim trembled with joy as he drove down St. Hubert Street, wondering what to buy Peter. He did not need to think long, for Peter was not as some children, who had everything and for whom Christmas shopping was a difficult job. No, Jim had never had any such problems.

Jim would have had enough money for Christmas if the landlord had not taken it for rent. Oh, he would never lose faith in God. Not for awhile, anyhow.

He slowly eased to a stop. The light was red. He was first in line. The bright, flashing, yellow, red, blue and

green lights of the casino caught his wandering eyes as they did those of many a victim. The jaw of temptation closed on him; teeth of persuasion gripped him. Chance lured him. He signaled for a right hand turn. He stopped in front of the casino. Was his fate turning? He walked timidly into the casino. It was cheery and bright, an atmosphere he did not expect.

Gambling — he had never really thought about it; he had always needed every dollar that found its way into his hands immediately. But now he had a problem with no one to tell it to. His luck seemed to be ascending; should he risk an assured twenty dollars, which would definitely bring a smile over Peter's face, on the chance to end all sadness in his family? This was what he had to decide. An assured twenty dollars or a chance of a fortune. He wandered around musing. He saw the roulette wheel. Round and round it went. The wheel of fortune. That which is down must come up — that which is up must come down. He watched it; round and round it went. He thought of it as up and down. He put his daily earnings on the table.

"Twenty dollars on number twenty!"

The wheel spun round and round, up and down it seemed to go. Life goes up and down. He had hope and faith. This meant everything to him. Slowly now, down it went and up it came stopping at twenty.

"Number twenty," announced the man in charge with a low voice, for it meant nothing to him. Jim found himself in possession of a mountain of life blood. Back it went; all of it, back to twenty. He was blinded by excitement. The improbable repeated itself. Averages, the law of averages would not allow it again. So to number thirty the green paper went, always on the move, now here, now there, now lost, now gained.

Jim's face fell. A wild dream had come to an end — the aftermath was unbearable. It had been good while it lasted. He turned and left the place of his ruin, back to the grave and loneliness.

Jim remembered it was Christmas Eve and took heart. He listened to some carols on the radio; they soothed him. The program was interrupted.

"Police are combing the city for a man in his forties, who has just held up the National Trust office on St. Denis. A brief description only is available: early forties, wrinkled skin and high cheek bones, wearing a dark gray coat. A reward will be given for any useful information."

Jim had been parked on the corner of St. Denis and Macdonald, just ten minutes ago. The fact registered in his mind — the description fitted his passenger. Jim thought of him as Santa Claus, the Christmas spirit.

"How convenient, a police car ahead of me. I'll do it; I have to do it. I have to turn in Santa Claus."

He related his story to the Chief of Police, who rewarded him with thirty dollars.

It was a sacrifice for youth, which had to be made. To the shops for Peter, for love, affection and happiness. Jim drove with a thrilling sensation. At last he could give his child a new faith in his father. This certainly was Jim's day; he had risen above the misery of the world from the very depth of it.

The light turned red; Jim came to a stop. A shiver ran up his back — his innards twitched. He remembered. He dared not raise his head for he knew what was there, luring people to risk themselves on far away dreams, a leap in the dark bringing most to the ground. He shook

as he sat, he teeth embedded in his lip. The light changed Tension became unbearable. His muscles flexed; off with a screech of rubber to a Merry Christmas — no — the car swerved. Metal crunched. Glass splattered and splashed. The car stopped — the roulette wheel stopped — life stopped as blood dribbled and dripped down Jim's cheek. The money floated around his head; it was of no use to him now. In his madness he had destroyed that thing of evil, but had forgottn Peter. A cloud of smoke billowed up, engulfing him in a blanket of death. All was quiet except the radio, "Silent night, Holy night."

J. VIPOND, (Form IV)

GETTING A SLIP SIGNED

One day, at break, I had to have a slip signed by Mr. Pratt. I went into the common room and no one seemed to be around. In a room around the corner, I heard a lot of cups rattling and an occasional mumble. I waited for a few minutes and nothing happened. Then, all of a sudden Mr. Clifton came charging through, with a cigarette in his mouth, and before I could stop him he had disappeared in a puff of smoke around the corner. A few minutes later Mr. Brandwood came wandering along with his hands in his pockets.

"Sir!" I said. "Have you seen Mr. Pratt?"

"Um," said Mr. Brandwood. "I am not too sure. Why, do you want him?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "if he is around."

"Um, I will see," said Mr. Brandwood. "Mr. Pratt," called Mr. Brandwood into the sitting room. "Are you here?"

"Yes," called Mr. Pratt through a rattle of cups and saucers.

"Will you come here, please? Taylor wants you."

"Yes, Taylor," said Mr. Pratt.

"Will you sign this, please sir?" I asked.

"Well, I will look at it, but I may not sign it," said Mr. Pratt.

"Will you censor it then, sir?" I asked.

"I beg your pardon, Taylor!" said Mr. Pratt.

"Well, what I meant was, sir, that . . ."

"Never mind!" bellowed Mr. Pratt. "Taylor," said Mr. Pratt changing the subject a little, "just exactly what is Oral?"

"Sir, that is some stuff you use to polish your cadet uniform," I said.

"I see," said Mr. Pratt. "Just exactly what do you do with fifty feet of shore line and a twelve oz. tin of elbow grease?"

"I don't know, sir. The prefects just told me to get these things for cadets," I replied.

"Taylor," began Mr. Pratt, "I am afraid you have been the victim of a very cruel hoax."

P. TAYLOR, (Form III)

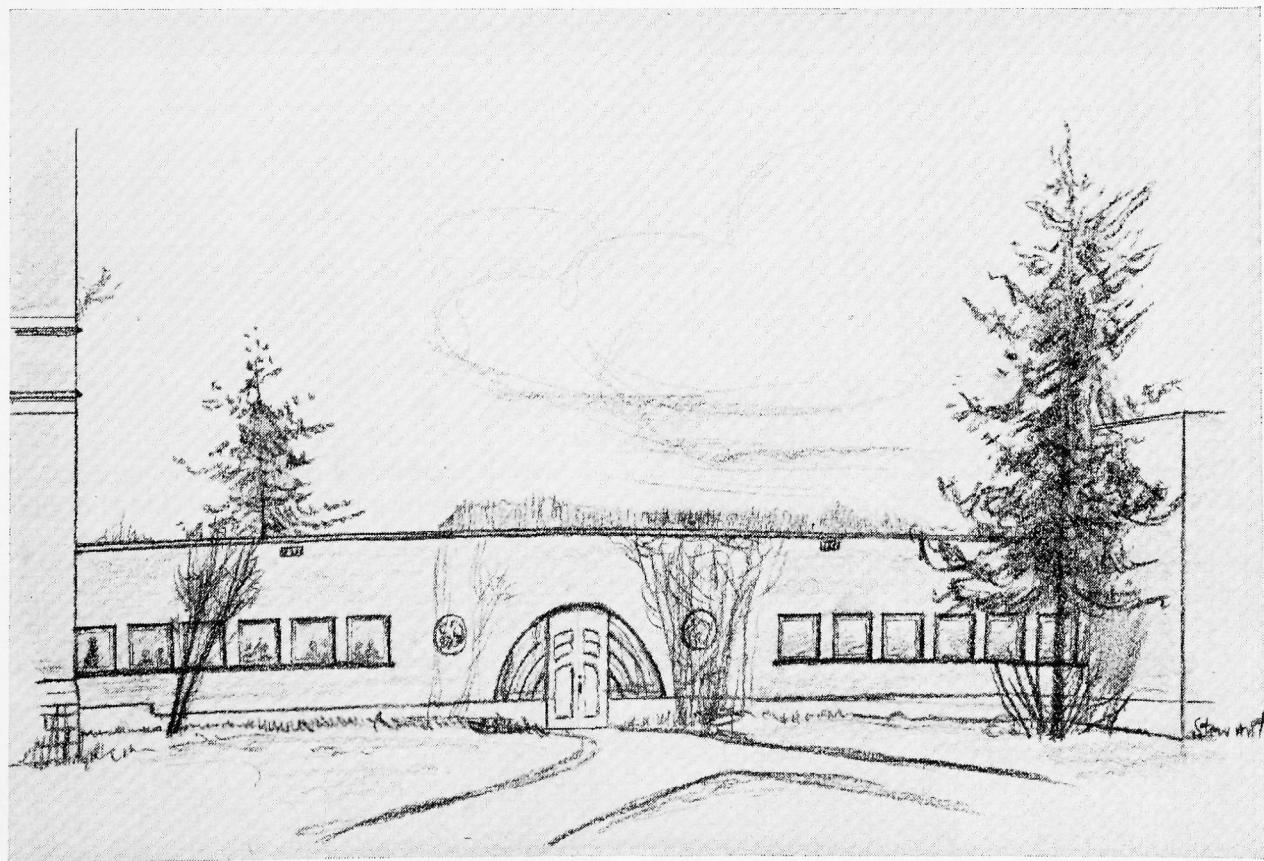
REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1961

(This poem is the outcome of a Vth Form lesson studying the Petrarchan Sonnet.)

Beneath the grey November skies are met
About the pillar in the village square
The townsfolk, children, veterans, and mayor,
The medalled soldier, and the young cadet.
Their wreaths against the pillar's base are set,
The bugle blazons bars on frosty air,
Then bow bare heads in silence, and in prayer,
And hear once more those names — lest they forget

Two wars — and if there now should come a third
To prove those victories were vainly fought,
Who will remember then these mourners here?
The very silence, then, may not be heard,
Nor any pillar prove a war was fought,
Then no grey autumn — no, nor any year.

THE PREP





LT.COL. E. G. BRINE

Lt. Col. E. G. Brine came to B.C.S. as Master-in-Charge of The Prep in 1952, after previous teaching at Lakefield and Ashbury. His interests in The Prep have been unlimited. He demanded high standards in work, in behaviour, and in play. A series of Eastern Townships Q.M.H.A. Championship Crests decorate the photographs of his Iroquois in the Prep hall, and no fewer than seven times in a ten year stretch the Wanstell (Soccer) Cup has adorned the trophy table. His reputation for efficiency, meticulous coaching, and insistence on fair play, has enhanced the good name of the School throughout the Townships and beyond. Fond of the outdoors, he has, with his imagination and hard work, transformed the south approach to the Prep into a showplace of lawn, trees, shrubs, and flowers. A throng of appreciative present and ex-Prep boys, teaching staff and colleagues in Townships sports circles follow him and Mrs. Brine with their best wishes as he takes up his new work at Selwyn House.

MISS REYNER

The sparkling good order of the corridor and dormitories, the trim appearance and the obvious good health of our Prep boys have been, in great measure, the result of the capable and whole-hearted devotion of Miss Marjorie Reyner, who is retiring this spring after 22 years of unstinted service.

A generation of boys has learned the virtues and rewards of exactitude, good manners, and personal smartness under her care. Many have discovered creative joy in helping her amongst the many, ever-beautiful plots of spring bloom she has begun and maintained.

Miss Reyner's trademark has always been perfection. Ask a parent who has opened a Prep trunk, packed with

each article scrupulously clean and fully mended, with team jerseys sporting Prep colours and Q.M.H.A. crests as proudly attached as they were proudly won; recall the frosty brilliance of pleated surplice and starchy ruff on travelling choir boys; inspect any Prep boys — tall, short, rotund or gangling, but uniformly smart. This evidence of constant attention we have come to take for granted.

One may well make note, too, of Prep boys grown to manhood, beating a path to her apartment at Thanksgiving and on Sports Day, there to recall the highlights of yesteryear which Old Boy and Matron revive with mutual esteem and satisfaction.



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: B. VINCENT, Esq., G. DUVAL, M. BARTHOLOMEW, B. FOX, C. FREEMAN, T. PILGRIM, A. STEWART
Front Row: R. ROBERTSON, L. VEILLON, T. BRADLEY (Captain), E. SHOIRY, B. PELLETIER.

SOCCER

We played soccer this year with a good deal of enthusiasm, and as enthusiasm waxes and wanes according to the mood, we consequently had good and bad results in our games.

The yearly battle with Selwyn House for the Wanstall Cup began with a game here. Selwyn House had the better team, and it was only by the merest chance that the result was a tie. The return match in Montreal took place on a larger field and our kicking was not powerful enough to overcome this. The Selwyn House team was superior in nearly every respect and consequently the Cup passed to it.

There was no Cup at stake in our games with Stanstead and these were therefore more enjoyable. We had the more organized team and this is what pulled us through.

The team regarded the outcome of the King's Hall game as a victory before we had played it, and, as usually happens in such cases, we were soundly beaten much to the embarrassment of the many prophets of success. But even so, this was probably the most enjoyable game of the season as we were received so kindly by everyone at Compton.

We accepted a challenge to play the girls of the University, and this game took place here at the School. It was marked chiefly for the tender concern the girls displayed for the physical welfare of our boys.

Generally, the team managed to keep well organized on the field, and special mention for this should go to Bradley, Shoiry, Francis and Eddy.

B.M.V.

PREP HOCKEY

During the past hockey season, the Prep maintained its unbeaten and unequalled record of operating three teams in organized hockey from a total complement of forty-two all ranks. Besides the Senecas, Iroquois and Micmacs of the Quebec Hockey Association, the First Team, a composite creation of Senecas and Iroquois, again competed for the Adelard Raymond Trophy, emblematic of hockey supremacy among the junior independent schools of the province.

The triumphant exploits of the Iroquois are described elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that, after a season of close league play, they emerged victorious in the play-offs to win the Patriquin Cup for the second successive season.

The First Team was one of the best to represent the

Prep in recent years. Led by O'Brien and his assistant captains Eddy and Wood, a high standard of aggressive team play was achieved. They twice defeated Selwyn House and were successful in each of their games with the Upper School Hurons. L.C.C., however, won both here and in Montreal, and thus retained the Adelard Raymond Trophy for yet another year.

The record of the Senecas and Micmacs, who play in leagues a size too big for them, is more impressive in terms of games played than of victories won. But if the past is any guide to the future, great indeed will be the reward of those persecuted in the present. When B.C.S. won the O.B.A. Cup from L.C.C., the goals were scored by a former Seneca, a former Iroquois, and a former Micmac!



IROQUOIS HOCKEY
League Champions

Back Row: Lt.-Col. E. G. BRINE, D. WALKER, N. PATERSON, A. GAULT, R. GRAHAM, P. FOWLER, J. BENESH, C. DAVIS (Manager).
Front Row: B. ABDALLA, P. CHURCH, J. COPLAND, E. SHOIRY (Captain), S. HARRIS, I. ROBERTSON, D. VICKERS.

THE IROQUOIS

The Iroquois, coached by Col. Brine, won the championship of their league after an unusually exciting season.

They lost their first game to St. Patrick's School by a score of 3-1, and were defeated by Sherbrooke High School 2-0 on their next appearance.

Following this unhappy beginning, Col. Brine regrouped his forces to produce an effective scoring combination that was responsible for a 4-0 win over Lennoxville.

The Iroquois won the balance of their league games to

force a three team play-off for the championship. They won the first game of the semi-finals by the close margin of one goal; the second resulted in a scoreless tie. With total goals to count, the eventual decision hung very much in the balance. The Iroquois, however, were equal to the occasion and emerged victorious by a score of 3-1.

The finals were something of an anti-climax with the Iroquois winning in two straight games to add yet another championship to Col. Brine's already impressive record.

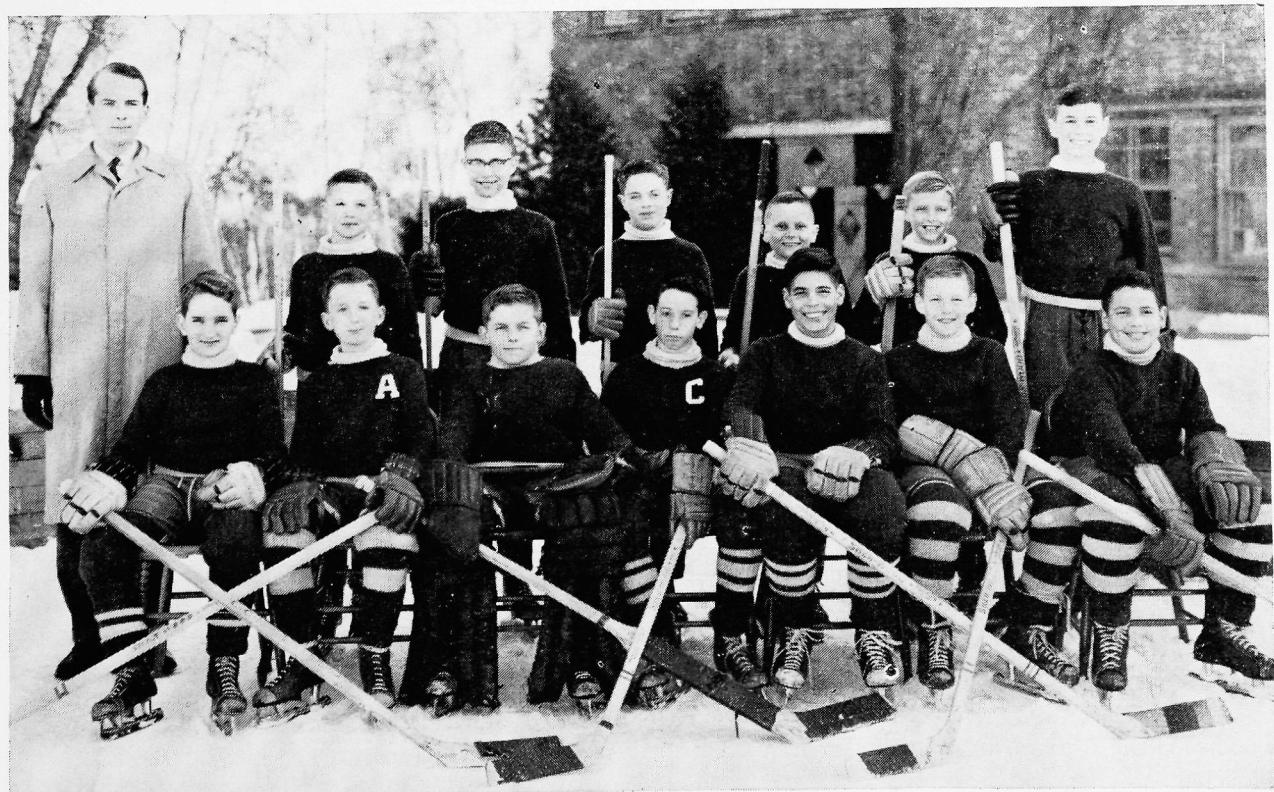


SENECAS HOCKEY

Back Row: B. HUNT, Esq., B. PELLETIER, D. HARPUR, T. BRADLEY, T. KINGSTON, R. BISHOP, V. DUCLOS, A. AWDE, D. BRICKENDEN, R. NEILL (Manager).
 Front Row: J. FRANCIS, K. HUGESSEN, T. WOOD, S. O'BRIEN (Captain), B. EDDY, R. ROBERTSON, L. VEILLON.

MICMACS HOCKEY

Back Row: B. VINTCENT, Esq., G. DUVAL, M. BARTHOLOMEW, B. FOX, C. FREEMAN, T. PILGRIM, A. STEWART.
 Front Row: R. KERLIN, T. EVANS, K. FELTHAM, L. MACNAUGHTON (Captain), D. MONTANO, C. FOX, D. VARVERIKOS.





SKI TEAM

K. HUGESSEN, S. O'BRIEN, D. BRICKENDEN, D. HARPUR, L. VEILLON (Captain), D. WALKER, S. HARRIS, B. ABDALLA, H. D. WELLARD, Esq.

PREP SKIING

We were fortunate this year in having four members of last year's team back. Of these four — Harris, Hugessen, O'Brien, and Veillon — Veillon was named captain. To support this strong nucleus were two new boys, Harpur and Brickenden.

During Michaelmas Term, many skiers gave much of their spare time to grooming the small ski-hill beside the School. They lengthened and widened the slope and cut some interesting new runs, adding greatly to the variety offered. Whenever the snow conditions made it possible, the hill was the scene of both good and comical skiing. Besides using the slope for team practices, the members also offered instruction to the rest of the Prep skiers.

The annual visit to Chalet Cochand was again a most successful week-end. The boys received expert instruction for one and one-half days. This week-end was followed by a second, spent with Mr. and Mrs. Veillon, who had kindly arranged for lessons to be given at Glen Mountain.

The results of the instruction were evident when we had our Alpine meet with Lower Canada College, at Shawbridge, in the Laurentians. Mr. Brian Powell, the L.C.C. coach, set demanding courses which greatly taxed all racers. The team skied hard and well and failed only by the narrowest of margins. Valuable experience is gained from this meet, which should be made an annual competition.

The season was rounded out by a meet at Green Timber Mountain in which we raced three Upper School teams. We were well out of our class, and were badly beaten.

It can be said that the skiing this year was successful. Never has a Prep team been so close to Lower Canada College. Also, many boys who had never skied previously, learned the fundamentals and experienced great pleasures from this sport.

H.D.W.



PREP CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: B. VINTCENT, Esq., T. KINGSTON, T. WOOD, R. ROBERTSON, D. BRICKENDEN, D. VICKERS, B. PELLETIER, T. BRADLEY, COL. E. G. BRINE.
 Front Row: J. FRANCIS, L. VEILLON, E. SHOIRY, B. EDDY (Captain), S. O'BRIEN, S. HARRIS.

BOXING

At the conclusion of the hockey season, the annual Prep boxing tournament began. After a series of elimination bouts in each class, the finals were held on March 7. The results were as follows:

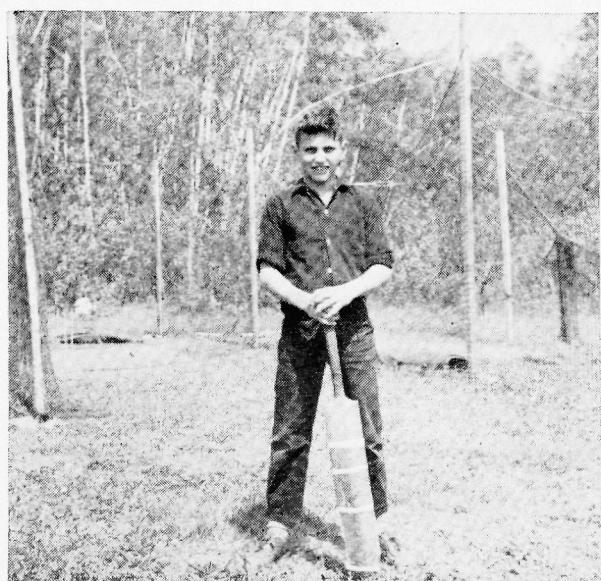
Paperweight Division: Abdalla II defeated Evans III.

Flyweight Division: Bradley defeated Veillon.

Bantamweight Division: Walker III defeated Davis II.

Middleweight Division: Paterson II defeated Neill.

Heavyweight Division: O'Brien II defeated Montano II.



MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT LEARNING TO SKATE

As I tugged and pulled at my skate laces, I said to myself, "I wonder how many of the other boys do not know how to skate. I hope there are a few." When I walked out of the dressing room, I saw quite a few boys rushing around the rink. Seeing this, I thought it must be easy, but I was in for a surprise. I feebly stood on the ice and looked at my feet. Suddenly they gave way and — plop! — I was on my backside. I got up and tried to move. I took five steps and I was down again. I thought it must have been my laces, so I sat down and struggled with them for awhile. Apart from my blistered hands I was all right. I went back on the ice again; this time I was progressing favourably — I fell down only every ten steps. I thought I was doing quite well, and I was moving rapidly for me, when somebody rushed past me, creating such a wind that I fell down. After this fall, I sought the solace of the dressing room.

When I got up enough courage to go out again, the rest of the boys were playing tag. I at once was made "it," and I was "it" for practically the whole game until I tripped somebody and made him "it." At this point one of the masters blew a whistle and said that we would play British Bulldog. Of course I didn't have the

faintest idea what British Bulldog was, but I knew I would have bruises all over me if I played the game. As I was crawling off the ice I was suddenly called back. I wondered what I was going to do. There was no way out of it now but to become a part of British Bulldog.

The master picked a good skater and told the rest of the boys to go to the end of the rink. A whistle was blown and everybody started skating towards the other end. Soon I was left behind. When all the others were at the end of the rink, I was not half-way across. Then I saw what the good skater was doing. He was tagging those that were still not at the other end. Of course, if he saw me, he would probably think I was a tree planted in the middle of the rink, since I was going so fast. Unfortunately I fell and so was tagged. I felt dead with exhaustion and I said to myself, "Boy! I sure can wait until hockey practice begins; it is probably almost as strenuous as this."

Finally it was time to go back to the School. I was quite glad to think of how I would relax when I got there. I was disappointed though; every time I sat down I realized it was more comfortable to stand up.

C. DAVIS, (Remove)

THE RED CURTAIN

"Very good," I said to my wife, as I pushed back my chair from the dining-room table. "Now, I think I'll trot downstairs and get the fishing gear ready for tomorrow."

I went to the basement and into the sporting cupboard (which contained mostly guns) and started sorting out the fishing equipment. Beneath a pile of tackle, I encountered an old, thick, dusty book. There was no title on the cover, but a curious shape made by a red piece of cloth, or some kind of a curtain. It looked strange, so I brought it into the next room to look at it. On the opening page I found a painted design of red, blue, green, and orange. In the first few pages, the book described a magic red curtain which had the ability to change shape. I had been reading for over an hour when something overcame me. My head spun around and around; a hazy film furrowed my eyes.

The room was misty as though filled with smoke; it was unfurnished — except for a red curtain blinding the window's view. For no apparent reason I felt uneasy and called for my wife, but there was no response. I heard a faint noise and turned around. The curtain had fallen to the floor — then I remembered; the red curtain!

I jumped up and ran my hands along the wall, looking,

feeling for a door, or anything that would serve as an exit. I turned to look at the curtain. It was no longer on the floor but in mid air in the rough shape of a human. I hit the wall with the side of my fist and a square piece of wood fell out; an open space was left. Scrambling out of the hole, I ran down the hall that faced me. I looked behind me and ten feet back was the curtain floating after me in the air. I tripped and fell on the floor. Picking myself up, I felt something clutch my neck and choke me. I knew what it was and took out my fish scaler. Turning around, I ripped a hole in the curtain, forcing it to lose its grip on my neck.

I started running again, aimlessly, but with one main object — to lose the thing following me. Soon I came to a staircase and started running down it. I fell, THUMP! I awoke.

Turning around, I looked up the stairs. At the top of them I saw my wife with a red apron on. "George, what are you doing on the floor?" she inquired. Nervously I stood up and walked into the room where I had previously been reading. I reached down to pick up the book. There beside it was a red curtain — with a long rip in it!

S. O'BRIEN, (Remove)



THE PLEASURES OF WINTER

Some people say that winter is no fun. This is entirely wrong. It may be cold, but it is very pleasant. In the summer it is sometimes too hot; you feel tired and have no fun. The winter season is cold, but you can make yourself warm with thick clothes.

In Winter there are many enjoyable sports to choose from. Let's take skiing. Imagine waking up on a brisk winter morning. The sun is shining and there is a thick layer of fluffy snow. You drive to a ski resort with many beautiful hills. When you arrive only a few people will be there. Now you snap on your skis, get a tow ticket, and zoom off to the top.

On the way down it will be quite different. If you are lucky and early enough, you will be the first down. This is the best part. If you are a good skier, you may take an expert's trail. You will be frisking along at a speed of maybe thirty miles an hour. Before you know it you will be turning with ease and end up at the bottom refreshed

from the trip.

Some ski resorts are really a paradise. They have everything you can think of to make the winter enjoyable. There are many places to choose from. This does not mean that if you cannot afford to go away for a week-end, you can't ski. You can always ski at a hill around town that does not have a tow to pull you up the hill.

Some skis are expensive and some are cheap, but it is not necessary to have the best. You may think this is an expensive sport. Well, look at the summer sports. To make comparison easier, let's take water skiing. Look at the expense in that. It equals about three times as much as skiing.

Now you say that the summer is more fun than the winter. I don't think so. I took skiing as an example, but there are many other sports to choose from. They are much more fun than those of the summer. Don't you think so now?

B. ABDALLA, (Form II)

GHOSTLAND

One day while I was flying over my home town, I stopped to take a nap under a tree. You probably know by now that I am a genie. Well, anyway, I was taking a nap under a tree when, all of a sudden, I heard a shriek. I wondered where it came from. Then I heard, "Let's think up another tune!" I wondered again where it came from. Then I saw a hole in a tree from which I heard another noise. I floated down the hole and there I saw three ghosts, a short one, a tall one, and a fat one. They were all booing their heads off, so I stopped them. They said they were singing Christmas carols. I thought this was very funny because there was no snow. They said that I was in Ghostland, and that in Ghostland it could be any season.

I kept going until I heard a ghost say, "Her Witchisty, Queen Wretched the First of Ghostland." I wondered about Her Witchisty, and went directly to the palace. Once I got there, I opened the door which started to creak and squeak. I passed by cobwebs and skeletons, bats and graves, until I reached another door. I opened the door and there she was. She was sort of ugly, long nose, no teeth, and a broom that was always beside her. Her Witchisty said, "Come in and sit down." I thought

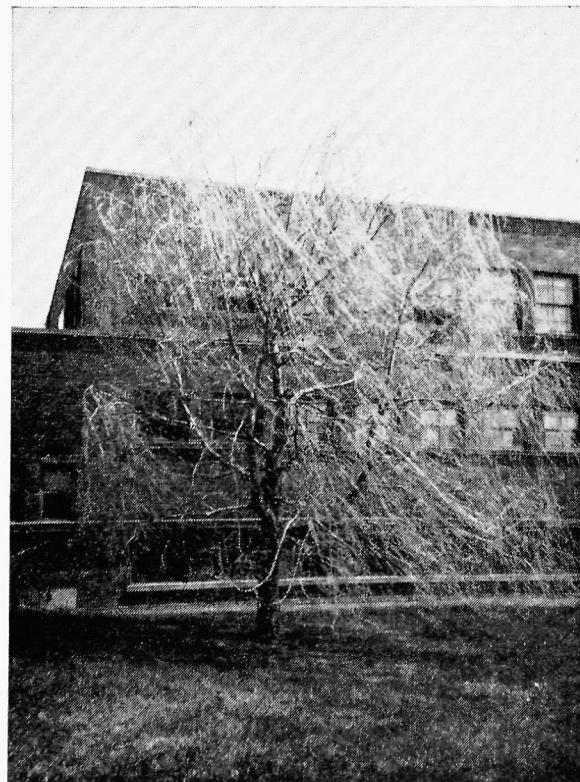
this was rather nice but, as soon as I got inside, a ghost grabbed me and I was taken to jail.

The next day I was sent to Court. I was charged with hindrance to Her Witchisty. I was thinking of using my genie powers to get out of the court, but there were so many guards it was not funny. Soon the judge came in. My attorney was a mean looking ghost, but at least he was an attorney. Then I had an idea to get away. I saw that a guard sitting near me had a box of tacks. I got the tacks and pricked my attorney with one. He yelled and the judge said, "Order in the court!" Then he spoke to my attorney saying, "If you yell once more, you will be on trial." I pricked a lot of people and finally the whole place was in a mess.

As soon as I got out of the courtroom, there was a jail break. A bad ghost had escaped and he ran right into me. He started running down the hall when I had another idea. I ran down the hall after him. When I caught up to him, I flew right into him, and this knocked him out.

I got an honour from Her Witchisty, Queen Wretched, and from then on I was called a genius, not a genie.

T. PILGRIM, (Form I)



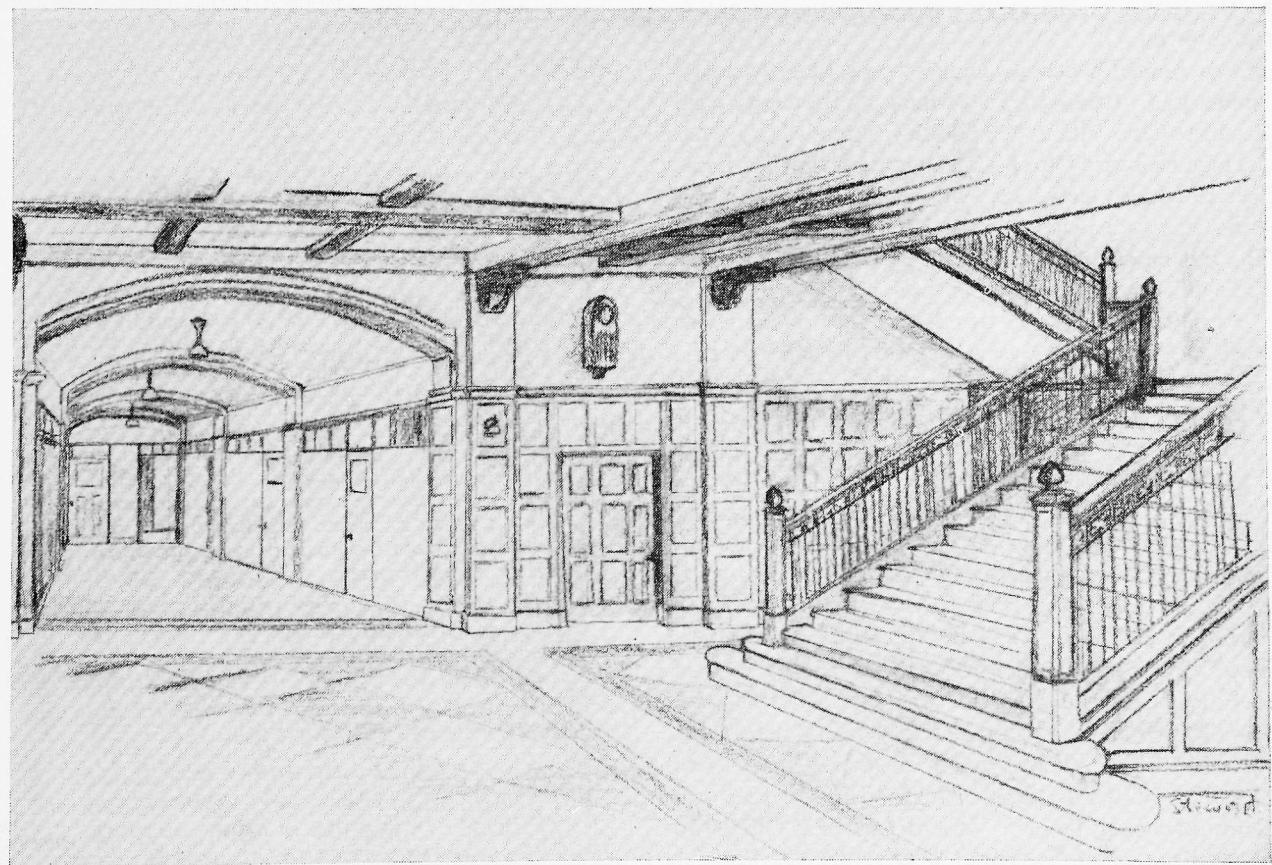
THE WILLOW TREE

(Result of a combined effort by Form I Poetry Class)

All the tinsel that you see
Hanging from a Christmas-tree,
Icicles and angel-hair,
Glint and glitter everywhere —
None of this is half as gay
As a willow-tree in May.

Branches of the brightest green
That in Spring is ever seen,
Like a fountain in its play
Arching up in sunny spray,
Shower their greeness back to earth,
To the soil which gave them birth.

OLD BOYS



B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

HON. MR. JUSTICE C. G. MACKINNON ('92-'96), Honorary President

HUGH HALLWARD ('40-'44), President

GEORGE BUCH ('28-'38), Vice-President

D. A. PRICE ('46-'50), Secretary-Treasurer, P.O. Box 3, Place d'Armes, Montreal

H. L. HALL ('16-'27), Assistant Secretary, B.C.S., Lennoxville, P.Q.

Committee

J. A. CROSS ('27-'35)

T. A. EVANS ('37-'43)

J. D. EBERTS ('55-'58)

A. S. FRASER ('39-'45)

J. K. HUGESSEN ('45-'51)

P. H. C. MITCHELL ('51-'58)

H. D. SHEPPARD ('36-'43)

W. M. SHARP ('49-'55)

C. C. COOLICAN ('56-'61)

G. B. SEELEY ('43-'46)

J. S. TROTT ('47-'55)

A. V. MILLS ('55-'61)

Again, with the close of another School year, the Directors of the Association wish to thank all Old Boys who have contributed in any way to the success which the Association has enjoyed this past year, and especially to the younger Old Boys who have added immeasurably to the health of the Association by their enthusiasm and interest.

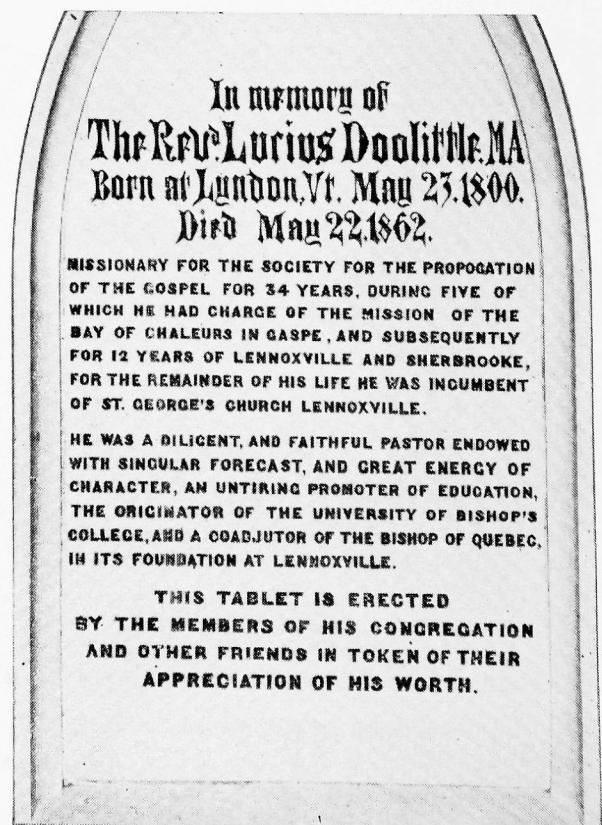
The Annual Old Boys' Dinner was held on Monday, February 5, 1962, at The Montreal Badminton and Racquets Club. About 100 Old Boys attended.

Hugh Hallward ('40-'44) introduced the Speaker, Lorne Gale of McGill University, who discussed the problems of financing educational institutions. Other guests were The Headmaster, and E. B. Pilgrim, Headmaster-elect of Ridley College, both of whom spoke briefly.

Again the School takes this opportunity of expressing its thanks to the Old Boys' Association for its kindness in arranging the Annual B.C.S. Invitation Squash Tournament which took place over the week-end of November 17-18. The School would like to thank Mr. Ted Pilgrim (Housemaster of Grier House) for the time he devoted to, and the interest he took in, making the necessary arrangements here at the School. This was the 9th Annual Tournament and those taking part were: J. Spencer, L. M. Smith, Jr. ('46-'51), G. Taylor, W. Mitchell (Vth Form), T. Bishop ('45-'50), D. Abbott (Vth Form), S. Fraser ('39-'45), R. Gaunt, A. Lafleur, R. Bedard (Master at School), R. Dinsmore, H. Desaulles, H. Hallward, ('40-'44), D. Kales (Vth Form), H. Drummond, D. McLernon (VIth Form). In the finals, Lafleur defeated Gaunt to win the Tournament and the Malcolm Seaforth Grant Memorial Trophy. Various Montreal Clubs and Universities were represented.

Announcement of the retirement of General A. G. L. McNaughton ('00-'05), Chairman of the Canadian Section of the International Joint Commission, was made at the end of March.

May 22nd was the 100th anniversary of the death of the Rev. Lucius Doolittle, founder of the School in 1836, and first rector of St. George's parish in Lennoxville. Commemorative services were held both at the School and at St. George's Church.



CONGRATULATIONS

A quotation from the Montreal Gazette, November 19: "A flawless passing performance by unsung quaterback Bob Anderson ('54-'57) led Verdun Shamcats to their first Dominion Intermediate Title — a sensational 33-32 victory over Winnipeg St. Vital Bulldogs in the sudden death final in Verdun on November 18.

C. M. Drury ('25-'29), C.B.E., D.S.O., Q.C., in November was appointed President of Needco Cooling Semiconductors Limited of Canada, the first publicly-owned corporation wholly devoted to the development and manufacture of thermoelectric materials and devices. Formerly Deputy Minister of National Defense from 1949-1955, he is President of Avis Transport of Canada and Vice-President of the Foundation Company of Canada. Keenly interested in national and community affairs, he is also President of the Canadian Centenary Council and the Montreal Board of Trade and is Chairman of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Institute of National affairs.

Dr. Ogden Glass ('28-'32), Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Bishop's University, was the Convocation speaker at the annual Fall Convocation of Sir George Williams University, held on November 24.

Brig. J. H. Price ('09-'15) is a Member of the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations in New York City.

Peter White ('53-'56) was Chairman of the English-speaking students at Laval University who took a leading part in the Congress on Canadian Affairs held at that University, November 15-18.

Senator H. deM. Molson ('18-'24), President of Molson's Brewery, in November, announced the following senior appointments: J. P. G. Kemp ('33-'36) to be Vice-President and General Manager of Quebec Division of Molson's Brewery Limited, and P. T. Molson ('35-'38) to be Vice-President and General Manager of the Ontario Division.

A scholarship fund to honour John Bassett ('29-'33), Chairman and Publisher of the Toronto Telegram, was established at the end of November, at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. The John Bassett Endowment Fund established by 15 members of Toronto's Jewish community, will pay for three annual undergraduate scholarships, one in agriculture, one in economics or sociology and one in Afro-Asian studies. Establishment of the Fund was announced by the Canadian friends of the Hebrew University at a reception honouring Mr. Bassett for his interest in Israeli cultural and scientific activities. Mr. Bassett provided four scholarships for Israeli students attending university in Canada this past year. (From the Montreal Star, November 29.)

Bishop's University has honoured Hon. C. G. MacKinnon ('92-'96), a former judge of the Superior Court, by naming a new women's residence after him.

A year ago, Lorne D. Clark ('28-'31), President of W. Clark Company, Limited, addressed the annual convention of the Ontario Food Processors Association and submitted an 11-point plan designed to stimulate exports of Canadian processed foods. On December 12, he again addressed the same body in the annual convention in Toronto, and was able to report that a great deal of progress had been made. J. H. Goldsmith, Financial Editor of the Montreal Star, in the December 13th issue, gave an excellent report of Mr. Clark's plan, and, in part, said: "Mr. Clark has shown a great deal of enthusiasm in bringing his plan from the design stage to one of practical operation. He has been encouraged by co-operative support not only from within his industry but also from Government sources. If his plan works, it may well lend a new stimulus to other endeavours to increase Canada's exports over a wider area. That would be a worthwhile contribution towards mitigating Canada's economic problems, particularly unemployment." The December 6 issue of the Financial Post, likewise, wrote enthusiastically, on the Editorial Page, of Mr. Clark's plan.

An interesting article by R. G. C. Smith ('19-'25), Commissioner for Canada in the West Indies, entitled "Jamaica" appeared in the December 6 issue of the Financial Post.

An excellent write-up appeared in the Montreal Star in mid-December for Paul Almond's ('44-'48) production of 'Macbeth', which appeared on television in five half-hour instalments, during November and December, over the C.B.C. Schools' Broadcast.

Hugh G. Hallward ('40-'44), President of Argo Construction Limited, and President of the Old Boys' Association, has been appointed a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University. He is also President of Harterre Schools Incorporated, past president of the Montreal Branch of McGill Graduates Society, and a member of the Board of Administration of the Montreal Children's Hospital.

W. S. Pollock ('49-'53), BSc.F., Forester, has founded his own company — Timmerlinn Tree Farm Service, Lac Brule County, Terrebonne, P.Q. Telephone Ste. Agathe 326-0422. He is a member of: Canadian Institute of Forestry, Society of American Foresters, Canadian Tree Farmers' Association, and Editor of "Tree Farmers' Guide." His company is active in the Laurentians and the Eastern Townships.

Wm. M. Molson ('33-'38) was elected a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange. He has been a member of the Canadian Stock Exchange for the past ten years and is a Director of St. John's Ambulance Council (Quebec) and Harterre Schools Inc.

At the annual Awards Banquet of Bishop's University, held in the Memorial Gymnasium early in April, Norman Webster ('52-'58) was one of five to receive a Gold Mitre Award, for outstanding achievement in extra-curricular activities during their four-year careers. Bill Hambly ('55-'57) received a Major Award for Dramatics and Norman Webster ('52-'58) a Major Award for Literary and Debating.

Brig. J. H. Price ('09-'15) was one of six awarded an honorary D.C.L. degree at Bishop's University's Convocation held on May 26.

D. Doheny, Q.C. ('27-'34), formerly President of the Guarantee Company of North America, has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee, and R. R. McLernon ('26-'30) has been elected a Director of the same company.

ITEMS OF NEWS

A picture in the Montreal Star in November showed Trevor Bishop ('45-'50) in the Receiving Line at the Montreal Symphony Orchestra Dinner and Ball, held aboard the 'Homeric.'

A picture in the Montreal Gazette in November showed Brig. J. H. Price ('09-'15), Chairman of the Progressive Conservative Association, in conversation with E. Chambers ('36-'39), M.P., St. Lawrence - St. George Constituency.

We are grateful to W. M. Sharp ('49-'55) for sending the following report of the B.C.S.O.B.A. Golf Tournament which took place on August 28, at the Mount Bruno Country Club: 17 members took part, J. Gray ('44-'48), Low Gross, won with a score of 79; 2nd was J. Rankin ('25-'27), 80; 3rd was Bob Jamieson ('51-'56), 84; 4th Jack Kemp ('33-'36), 86. Using the Atlantic Handicapping System: Low Net, Okill Stuart ('31-'37), -72 = 111; 2nd, Hart Price ('42-'46), -73 = 99; 3rd, Tom Rogers ('50-'54), -74 = 102; 4th Stocky Day ('37-'42), -76 = 99. Other golfers present were: J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39); A. P. Boswell ('25-'34); G. MacDougall ('24-'30); J. Cross ('27-'35); Trevor Evans ('37-'43); Bob Anderson ('54-'57); J. Trott ('47-'55); S. Arbuckle ('52-'55); D. Hobart ('45-'52); and Gene Pierce ('48-'52).

The following joined the golfers for the Dinner and Prize-Giving which followed: D. Price ('46-'50); H. Hallward ('40-'44); A. Dobell ('35-'39); Bill Sharp ('49-'55); Dr. J. Meakins ('24-'29); L. Mackay-Smith, Jr. ('46-'51). Bob Anderson certainly deserves a great deal of thanks from the Association for the many hours of hard work that he put in to ensure the success of the Tournament."

Bob Collier ('34-'40) is still with Electric Boat in research, and in December was appointed to a Staff Position — Senior Acoustical Engineer — and has embarked on a graduate doctorate program in the School of Engineering at Yale. He is married and has three children.

Dick Collier ('33-'39), with the Bank of Montreal, has been in London, England for the past few years, but returned to Canada this spring.

Martin Collier ('45-'48) works in Montreal.

Peter Jekill ('42-'47), 702 Lancaster Bld'g, Calgary, Alta. writes enthusiastically of life in general out West. He has been with the London Life for three years. He speaks of seeing two Old Boys, John Crabbe who lives in Winnipeg and Bob Howard who is living in Calgary and is a Bank Executive.

Robert Jekill ('42-'48) is still in the R.C.N. as a Lieutenant, and in December was stationed with the U.S. Forces in Pensacola, Florida.

Dave Phelps ('41-'44) writes that he still likes living in California — his address: 222, Bead Road, Belvedere, California.

Dr. Eric Phelps ('35-'38) has his practice in Montreal on Sherbrooke Street West.

Peter Gallop ('53-'57) works in Hull.

Geoffrey Bladon ('53-'57) is at the University of Manitoba.

H. Burland ('44-'48) manages a hotel near Denver, Colorado. His brother David ('46-'51) is with the Bathurst Paper Company, Montreal.

J. S. Redpath ('50-'54) is with the Boland Mining Company, 735 — 10th Street, Butte, Montana, U.S.A.

R. Carter ('46-'53) has moved from Newfoundland to Montreal. He is with the Bank of Montreal, Town of Mount Royal branch.

Lt.-Col. S. V. Walters ('36-'37) has been transferred from his regiment in Germany to the Logistics Division of SHAPE in France.

The following Old Boys played in the School — Old Boys' Hockey game on January 27, which the School won 15-2: J. Eberts ('55-'58), R. Tinker ('50-'54), P. Mitchell ('51-'58), S. Molson ('49-'56), R. Anderson ('54-'57), P. Hyndman ('47-'57), B. Sharp ('51-'57), E. Hawken ('54-'58), M. Huband ('49-'56), E. Molson ('48-'54), R. Jamieson ('51-'56), J. Temple ('51-'56) was at the game. After the game, The Headmaster and Mrs. Pattison entertained the Old Boys and members of the staff and their wives in the Administration Wing of the School.

Peter M. McEntyre ('27-'35) was elected by acclamation to Aldermanic Seat No. 4 on the Westmount City Council, on January 8.

W. S. Tyndale ('13-'37) and D. Doheny, Q.C. ('27-'34) were the speakers at the opening session on January 29, of the Meredith Memorial Lectures which were given on six successive Monday evenings in January and February. Their topic was: Promises of Sale, Sales, Warranties and Rights of the Real Estate Broker.

Canada's foreign policy was discussed in public at a debate suggested by Egan Chambers ('36-'39), M.P., at Redpath Hall, McGill University. He defended the government's policy while two McGill professors, representing 50 who had sent a letter to the Prime Minister, opposed it. The debate took place on January 9.

V. R. Bennett ('39-'47), in January, was appointed Vice-President and General Manager of Timmins Aviation Limited. He joined the Company in 1956.

D. G. Hobart ('45-'52) was one of the seven members of the Canadian Bobsled Team which took part in the World Championship at Garmisch, Germany, at the end of January.

Norman Webster ('52-'58), in December, was awarded one of Quebec Province's two Rhodes Scholarships. He is in the final year of an Honours Economics B.A. course at Bishop's University. He intends entering the Oxford Honours School of Philosophy, Politics and Economics.

Paul Almond's ('44-'48) production of "The Lady's Not for Burning," appeared on C.B.C.-TV's FESTIVAL on December 16.

D. N. Stoker ('38-'45) in January was elected a Director of Nesbitt, Thomson and Company, Limited, Montreal.

Tom Price ('44-'48) figured in the Canadian Rackets Championship Finals on January 28 at the Montreal Rackets Club. He got in the finals of the doubles championship. R. McLernon ('26-'30) and J. Kerrigan won the International Competition between Canada and the United States. B. H. MacDougall ('48-'54), D. McNeill ('53-'58), D. Stoker ('38-'45) all took part in the Competition.

Bill Hambly ('55-'57) took the part of Charley Wykeham, and Brian Vintcent ('52-'58) the part of Lord Fancourt Babberley, in The Lennoxville Players' production of "Charley's Aunt," presented at the School's Theatre on January 25-27.

H. D. McGee ('46-'50) was appointed Assistant Sales Manager of the Carpet Division of Canadian Celanese Limited. He had been sales representative for Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

Jack Goodson ('33-'38) presented President and Mrs. Kennedy with a Bartlet Engraving for their White House collection of Americana and objets d'art, as a 'gesture of our good neighbour policy.' Goodson received an answer from the Director of the United States Department of

the Interior thanking him on behalf of the U.S.A. and formally accepting the gift. He was also informed that he would receive an engraved certificate so that he may have a treasured memento and permanent record of the memorable gift.

A team of six Montreal architects, one of whom was Hazen Sise ('18-'23), won the design competition for a Confederation Centre in Charlottetown, sponsored by the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Citizens Foundation. The Montreal Centre will commemorate the 1864 Charlottetown meeting of representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, and Ontario which laid the groundwork for Confederation in 1867.

Two honours in the same week in February came to H. R. Montgomery ('19-'23) when he became the new President of Pentagon Construction Company, a firm he helped to found in 1948, and President of the Canadian Construction Association.

J. F. Baillie ('33-'34), a member of the Board of School Directors was appointed Vice-President and Managing Director of Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Company, Limited.

J. W. Tremain ('45-'49) was appointed District Sales Manager, Calgary Office, of the Canada Cement Company.

Guy Smith ('19-'25), Canadian Trade Commissioner to British Guiana and the West Indies, presented 25 selected books to Georgetown's free public library. He said the Canada Council is buying blocks of Canadian books and sending them abroad.

S. Day ('37-'42) has been promoted to Regional Sales and Operations Manager for Zeller's Limited in charge of all Canadian stores.

D. M. Vass ('44-'47) joined the Bate Chemical Corporation as Ontario Sales Manager.

P. Bronfman ('44-'46) was appointed Vice-President and E. Bronfman, ('43-'45), Treasurer, of National and Overseas Finance Corporation — Natofin has been established as an international financial house.

The following Old Boys took part in Bishop's University's production of "The Winter's Tale," March 8-10: Bill Hambly ('55-'57), Rodney Smith ('58-'60), Bryan Badger ('47-'56), and Bill Badger ('43-'53).

Debaters from Bishop's University won the Canadian Debating Championship for the second consecutive year. Norman Webster ('52-'58) again was a member of the Team. The National Federation of Canadian University Students sponsors the events and the Trophy is the Laurier-Macdonald Trophy.

The Quebec Regional Seminar of the National Federation of Canadian University Students took place at Bishop's University the week-end of February 17-18. The theme of the seminar was: "The Canadian Identity —

a Positive Force?" Speakers included C. M. Drury ('25-'29), Chairman of the Montreal Board of Trade. Dr. Ogden Glass ('28-'32), Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Bishop's University introduced speakers and acted as

Chairman at the opening panel discussion of the Seminar.

A. V. Mills ('55-'61) and C. C. Coolican ('56-'61) were elected members of the Committee of the Old Boys' Association.

WE NEVER WENT INDOORS

Reprinted from Canadian Scout News

By A. S. LEWIS, former Regional Commissioner for Eastern Ontario and Quinte Region

My Scouting started in 1908 at Bishop's College Prep School, Lennoxville, Quebec. Our Headmaster, Mr. J. Tyson Williams of Quebec City, had an early copy of B.P.'s "Scouting For Boys" sent out to him from England and he used to read sections from the book to the older boys in the Prep School during Reading Class.

We were so impressed and fascinated with the book that we asked to be allowed to be Scouts; and so one of the First Troops in Canada was formed.

Scouting was very primitive in those days. We had no badges to earn and did not wear any colour flashes on our uniform, nor was our uniform the conventional Scout Uniform.

Our tests as I remember them consisted essentially of semaphore signalling with flags, tying knots, tracking, measuring heights and distances, and the observation of wildlife and nature.

We did our Scouting on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, our regular weekly half holidays, which we gladly gave up to learn the game of Scouting. On special occasions we paraded with the Bishop's College (Upper) School Cadet Corps, to which we were attached, for Church Parades, Annual Inspection, etc.

Our uniform consisted of the Cadet Corps hat converted to the Scout Stetson hat. Instead of shorts we wore cavalry style breeches with puttees, and we always carried our staves with us.

I was not a very good Scout to begin with as I had trouble with my signalling, had trouble tying the bowline knot, and managed to get lost for a short time one afternoon when we were beating a "woods" in extended formation to see what wildlife we could stir up. Getting lost taught me a very valuable lesson and I made up my mind right then that it would never happen to me again. From then on I concentrated on finding directions by observation.

This lesson paid off the following year when all the boys from the Prep School and all the boys from the Upper School went on a six-mile cross country run, with everyone starting at the same time.

We had never been over the course nor were we shown any sketch or plan of the course. The only instructions were verbal and mentioned the general direction we were to take, as well as three check points along the

course that we had to pass or be disqualified. The first two miles were along a road, all uphill, and took a heavy toll of the runners. The remaining four miles were through several woods, fields, along and across streams, crossing roads, bridges and paths.

Luck was with me that day. Having outrun all but a few of the Upper School Boys at the two mile cut-off (and they out of sight), I must have taken the shortest way in travelling just by sense of direction as not only did I come in first of the Prep School, but only one of the Senior Boys beat me by 150 yards.

We spent quite a bit of time discovering birds' nests in trees, on the ground, in sand banks, and barns and tried to find out something about the birds and their distinguishing marks. We also found the odd squirrel nest in our travels.

On one occasion our Troop went out for a whole day with the Cadet Corps and the two Sherbrooke Militia Regiments for a sham battle. Some of the Scouts infiltrated the opposition lines before they were in position and got back with information about the opposing side.

On the occasion of the death of King Edward VII there was a large outdoor Military Commemoration Service held in Sherbrooke. The B.C.S. Cadet Corps and our Scout Troop took part also, but we Scouts had the easy part that day as we helped the Sherbrooke Police Department to form a cordon around the Park where the service was being held to keep the crowds back. The boys in the Cadet Corps carried rifles and during part of the service had to stand with rifles reversed resting on their boots for over an hour, while an Artillery Battery fired a blank round every minute for the number of years that King Edward had lived.

One of our favourite spots was a brick yard about two miles from the school and we did a lot of clay modelling of small objects.

Within a mile of the school we were able to find at least fifty varieties of wild flowers including trailing arbutus, wild clematis, hepatica, as well as the white and pink varieties of the moccasin plant, or lady's slipper as we called it then.

Once our Troop was formed we never had an indoor meeting that I can remember, and I shall always look back on my happy days along the Scout trails.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Williams ('45-'53), a daughter, in Montreal, November 3.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Spafford ('42-'51), a daughter, in Quebec City, November 2.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. A. Pollard ('45-'47), a son, in Montreal, November 29.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay ('47-'49), a son, in Montreal, December 13.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gault ('43-'46), a son, in Montreal, January 10.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hugessen ('45-'51), a daughter, in Montreal, January 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Tod Andrews ('48-'49), a son, in Montreal, February 9.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rider ('53-'54), a son, in Montreal, February 10.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. MacDougall ('48-'54), a son, in Montreal, February 22.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mitchell ('45-'53), a daughter, in Sherbrooke, February 23.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Johnson ('47-'51), a son, in Thetford Mines, January 30.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hyndman ('46-'50), twin daughters, in Sherbrooke, March 2.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cousins ('54-'56), a daughter, in Verdun, March 19.

Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Soutar ('46-'51), a daughter, in Montreal, March 25.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jarrett ('39-'44), a son, in Montreal, April 18.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Molson ('44-'48), a son, in St. John's, Newfoundland, April 21.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. J. MacLennan ('47-'51), a daughter, in Toronto, April 25.

WEDDINGS

J. Q. Teare ('53-'55) to Miss J. Bamforth, in Peterborough, Ont., in November.

R. C. H. Sewell ('10-'18) to Miss A. Arnessen in New York, in December.

D. J. Boyd ('53-'55) to Miss M. Sutton, in Hampstead, May 5.

Jan Gerhardt ('52-'56) to Miss G. Gourlay, in Lachine, May 5.

L. M. Smith, Jr. ('46-'51), son of L. M. Smith ('19-'24), to Miss R. Stethem, in Montreal, May 19.

P. W. McLagan ('51-'58) to Miss R. Reeder of New York and Greenwich, Conn., in June.

G. H. Eberts ('52-'56), son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Eberts ('18-'19), to Miss E. Angus, of Montreal. Wedding to take place July 4.

W. S. Arbuckle ('52-'55) to Miss B. Rayside, June 9.

DEATHS

S. O. Shorey ('11-'14) died in Montreal on November 4

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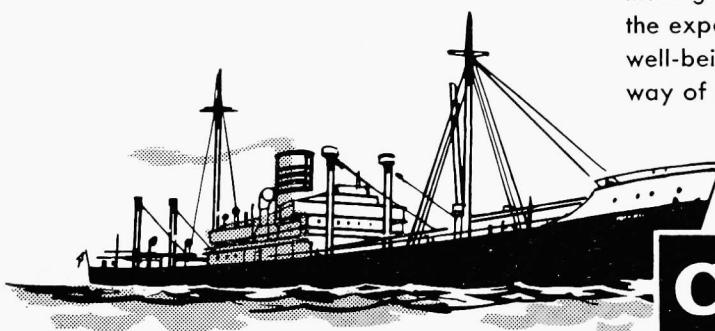
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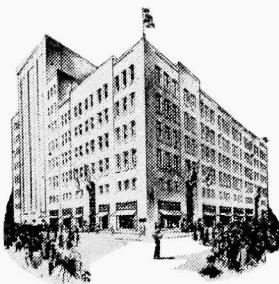
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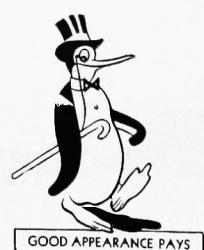
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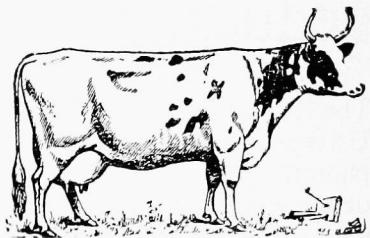
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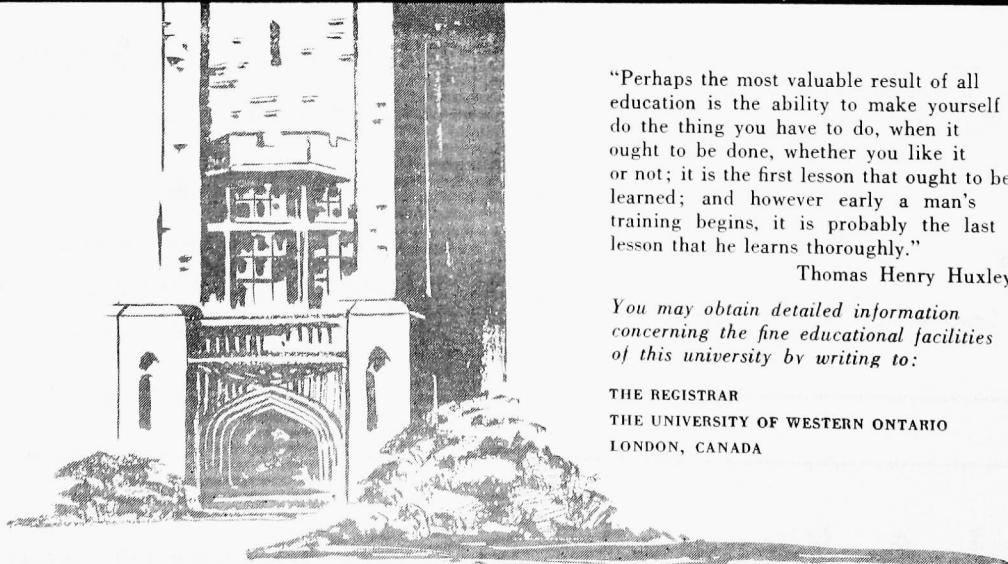
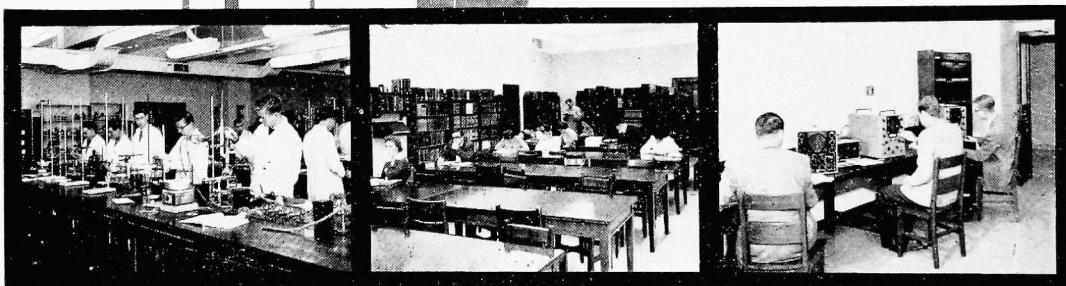
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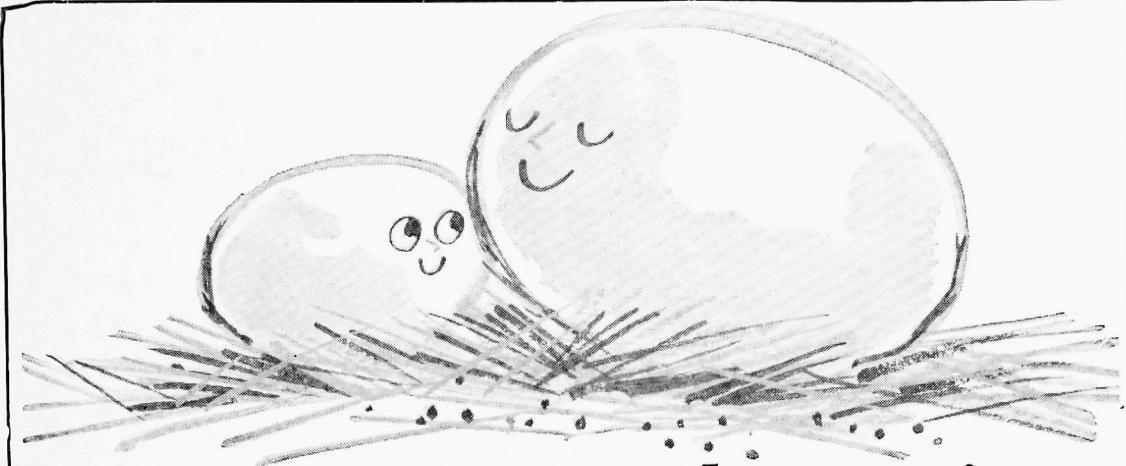
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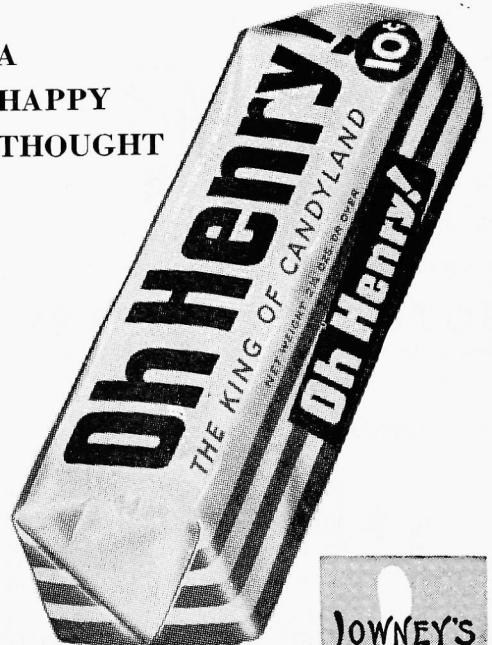
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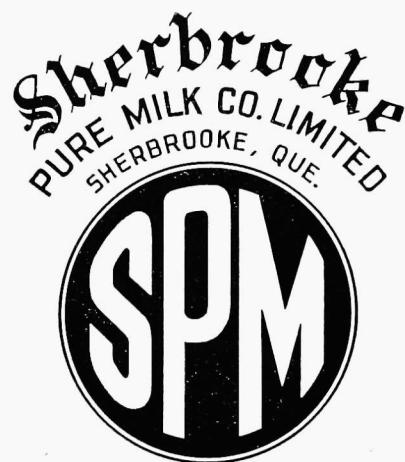
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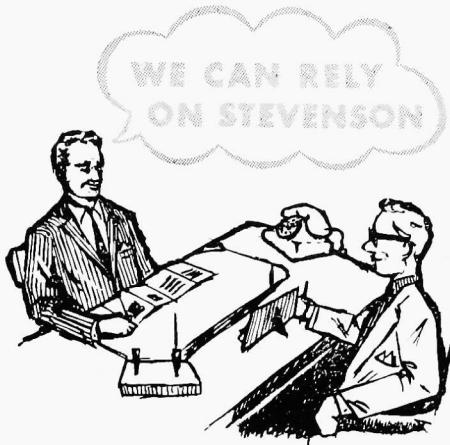
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